THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE "NEW" WOMAN

Defined, Rebuked, Dissected and Analyzed in Mild, Paternal, but Overwhelming Fashion, by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

Her Forwardness, Malthusness, Athleticism and General Desire to Recreate Herself in a Pair of Breeches Splendidly Satirized.

The New Woman visited Cardinal Gibbons at his residence in Baltimore last week. She went to confession to him, so to speak, and the Cardinal has given her permision to print what passed between them.

Cardinal Gibbons is an object of particular interest to the New Woman. He has frequently written against her cause. He has recently preached against it, and the New Woman is too much surfeited with approval not to be curious about any man who assails her. Furthermore, the New Woman is not happy. She has come to the Philosopher in the still watches of the night, her war-paint streaked with tears, her three-eyed peacock feather trailing in the dust, and said:

"Behold, I am clothed with the sun; the Tammany tiger is under my feet; the stars of Wyoming, Colorado and Kansas are in my crown, and the ever-advancing cause of woman's rights is booming fireworks on every side. Yet, powerful as I am, I am unhappy. Something ails me, and I don't know what."

"I can tell you what," has been the Philosopher's reply. "You need somebody or something to command you. You wanted your way, and now that you've got it, there is nothing left but to sit, like Alexander, and howl over the vanity of your vast possessions. You have developed your muscle and successfully met all comers. You have developed your mind till everything in nature and good government propounds one problem only—Here's the law; where's the Lord?" Men are afraid of you, municipalities cobbler you, States make a place for you, the devil consults with you, and the Lord have mercy on you."

Thus it was the New Woman was moved to go to confession.

Directly the Cardinal entered the room the glory of the New Woman seemed to turn wrong side out. It was not the brilliancy of his dress, with its gleam of cardinal about the edge of the habit, the broad cardinal sash, the cardinal cap and heavy gold chain with pendant cross about his neck, that distinguished him in a way to embarrass the aggressive, advanced, end-of-the-century woman. It was his impersonality that offered her nothing to combat. It was the simplicity of his manner that, without diminishing the dignity of his rank, greeted her familiarly—rather as if she were a familiar object, a woman—just a woman, no more, no less. That's the greatest embarrassment possible for the New Woman—to be stripped of her discriminating adjectives.

However, with an effort she made bold to say bluntly: "If it please Your Eminence, I am the New Woman come to confession."

"The New Woman," repeated the Cardinal wonderingly, "who, what is she? I did not know there is a New Woman."

"Not know there is a New Woman! Your Eminence cannot be in ignorance of the New Woman. Why, she is the great achievement of the nineteenth century. She controls the age. She is in all the colleges, all the professions and pretty nearly all the public offices. She is the woman who is written about and who writes about herself; the woman who is talked about and who talks about herself; the woman who is seen and sees nothing but herself. She is the 'I am' of modern civilization. Surely you must know that she carried the last election in ever so many Western States and overthrew Tammany in New York."

"Oh, I understand," said the Cardinal. "She is the woman suffragist and her daughter. Personally I know nothing of that woman except that recently she strove to prove my knowledge of ancient history incorrect. However, I bear her no ill will for that. But as a Catholic I am bound to disapprove of any so-called woman movement. The church of Rome exalts womanhood in the veneration it accords the Mother of Jesus Christ, but in exalting womanhood it still has regard for the special nature of her mission in the world, which is equal to man's, though not identical with it. Advocates of women's rights, though I would be very sorry to impugn their motives, are very far from contributing to the real progress and happiness of woman."

"But, Your Eminence, is not woman suffrage the logical outcome of the higher education of woman?"

"Doubtless," replied the Cardinal. "That, however, is not to establish the right of woman suffrage. For the higher education of woman that takes her from gentle influence—from the influence of maternal solicitude and religion—to place her among men in universities that prescribe education without reference to the heart and soul, debases womanhood though developing woman's intellect. There is a saying of a German writer very apropos of this—that the modern educated woman whose head has been enlarged at the expense of her heart is like the Strasburg geese whose livers have been fattened—very fine livers, but very sick geese.

"God has given us a heart to be formed to virtue as well as a head to be enlightened. Taking no more sentimental or religious authority than Webster, his definition of to educate is 'to instil into the mind principles of art, science, morals, religion and behavior.'"

"Also Guizot, an eminent Protestant writer, declares that education to be truly good must be fundamentally religious. Now, fatal as is the indifference to eternal truths resulting among men from a rejection of this principle, if the women, the mothers of our country, are to divorce religion from their excellence by the standard of a secular education, what can we expect of their children?"

The New Woman interrupted the Cardinal here, saying: "Your Eminence there jumps to a startling conclusion from an unwarranted hypothesis. You assume that the New Woman has children. As a matter of fact she has not. She puts off the evil hour of matrimony to the latest possible time, during which interim she enjoys a man's social license as a bachelor girl. She is devoted to her club. She excels in all manly sports, and smokes cigarettes with as much unconcern as she dons bloomers and rides a bicycle. If she happens not to like cigarettes or bicycles, of course she lets them alone. Still there swells within her gentle bosom a glorious consciousness that what she does like she may attain. She may like social reforms. Then she goes into that sort of thing. She may like a profession. She follows it. She may like politics. She purifies them by her presence. In Washington, just at present, women are seeking to elevate morals with the introduction of woman on the police force in the district. But whatever her bent according to her temperament, she is everywhere animated by the scientific spirit that lives on experience. Finally, as a sociological experiment, she gets married. She is a disciple of Malthus, and she converts or intimidates her husband with the same gospel. Of course, very occasionally she proves that the ways of Providence are mysterious and past finding out, and, despite the perfection of her modern civilization, a child is born to her. Then the previous question of Your Eminence is in order—'What can be expected of the child?'"

"Wrong, wrong, all wrong, and the greatest menace to our American liberty is the growing disregard of this country for the little child," answered the Cardinal. "Religion reveres and glorifies the little child. It is as a little child that the Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity is born into the world. It was the little children that without reserve Christ bade come unto Him, and it was little children He set up as a type of spiritual excellence by which men attain the kingdom of heaven.

"Yet, as a people, we neglect the American child in our system of public education that excludes all religious training. We further disregard the little child in lax laws that make possible the divorce of parents and the disruption of homes. And if now the standards of the woman movment are carrying us still further from the assurance of all good that inheres in the little child, our future is a sorry one indeed. I have reason to apprehend that the tendency among women to restrict the number of offspring is a growing evil. The Catholic church has one law fixed forever on this point—that human life is sacred, and that any means whatsoever employed to extinguish life, though it be but of an instant's duration, is murder, for which the offender's soul must one day answer before a God who has declared 'Thou shalt not kill,' and further declared, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.'

"The human race depends for its existence on the intercourse of the sexes, which Christ Himself has dignified, blessed and made holy in the church through the sacrament of matrimony. The union of man and woman in marriage is natural and noble. It is unnatural and ignoble if such union contemplates the avoidance of the responsibility of its fruits. In this connection, as in every other relation of her life, a woman finds divine light to guide her in the life of the mother of Jesus Christ—'Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy Word.'

"The woman who makes her marriage vows with any reservation concerning the will of God in the number of her children is a worshipper not of God, but of mammon, and is unworthy the love and protection of an honest man."

"There is another difficulty, Your Eminence—man. What's to become of him now woman is crowding into his sphere? Nothingness or petticoats seem to be his whole future."

"There can be no doubt," said his eminence, "that as the woman usurps the man's rightful place in the home—becomes the lawmaker and the breadwinner of the family—the man must become correspondingly effeminate. But the woman suffragist of the nineteenth century flatters herself in denominating herself the New Woman. She is a very old woman—old as Eve, prompted by curiosity and lawlessness to gain information of the devil, and her effect on man will probably be no more than a warrant of old Adam's feeble excuse for his enjoyment of forbidden fruit. The bachelor girl you describe who indulges in manly sports is not a novelty in history. She and the present craze for physical culture among women mark a return to the moral standard of the Lacedemonian women, who were taught when maidens to engage in exercises that strengthened their bodies and imparted grace to their movements, but at the sacrifice of female modesty. Then the bachelorhood of the modern woman is not new. It but stamps our civilization with the character of the domestic life of ancient Greece. This counted women of elementary education proper material for wives, while clever women of higher education enjoy the license men accord their mistresses. Also the Malthusian doctrine by which the modern marriage is regulated, is after all no more than an indication of advancing civilization than the practice in the East that regulated the number of offspring by drowning nearly all female infants. Men may even be obliged to return to this method if the advancing New Woman goes to much greater lengths in enforcing her theories on society.

"In the matter of progressive marriage relations the New Woman has yet something to accomplish to attain the glory of her counterparts in history. Martial tells of a woman who had married her tenth husband. St. Jerome writes of a woman in Rome who had married her twenty-third husband. Seneca in his day said: 'There is not a woman left who is ashamed of being divorced now that the most distinguished ladies count their years not by the consuls but by their husbands.'

"No, the New Woman is not new. Nor do I think she is greatly to be feared. Every evil influence in society is to be deplored and its remedy seriously considered; but, thank God, Christianity assures the world always a large majority of right-minded, true-hearted women who work quietly, doing God's will in the sphere of life whereunto they are by nature called, protecting the little ones against the fuss and feathers of the female agitator."

"If a New Woman came to Your Eminence and told you she was wretched without knowing why, what would you say to her?"

"I would tell her that the cardinal virtues of a woman are chastity and humility. The one attracts God, and through the other God is born into the world. I would tell the New Woman that to be happy she must purify her heart by prayer and humble herself by self-denial, remembering that self-denial is actually the denying of one's self, and that herself being the vanity of intellect, she must subject reason to faith, as St. Paul says, and her whole being to religion. For what doth it profit a woman if she gain the whole world and lose her own soul?"—*New York World.*

ABOUT IRISH POLITICS.

[To the Editor.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 14.—As we view with each advancing year the growth of discussion at home and the increase of apathy abroad which mark the present troublous path of Irish nationality, we must need ask if the sacrifice of Parnell was not in vain. With the removal of his great personality, a blight seems to have fallen on Irish patriotic endeavor. The ravages made in the national ranks by quarrels and intrigue are so many evidences of Parnell's utterances concerning "the Liberal wire-pullers who have sapped the integrity of our party." Taking a warning lesson from the example of O'Connell, who toiled along for nineteen weary years after the granting of Emancipation as the ignoble tail of the Whigs, Parnell perceived that Ireland's only policy lay in wielding the lash of independence over all English parties. Vindicating history will doubtless applaud the prescience which enabled him to advance the cause of nationality in Ireland by leaps and bounds along the pathway of legislative freedom. Advanced agencies of force were used by him as a weapon to an end, and under his masterly guidance the most opposing elements united in the wide field of Irish politics. A great leader of men, he towered a veritable son of Cœlus and Terra over the heads of those pigmies who now imagine that the mantle of this modern Elijah has fallen on their puny shoulders. True, he made English alliances, but they were statesmanlike ones and dictated from the level of platform equality. With the knowledge that in the long history of a nation's future there are many possibilities, we may rest assured that the cause of Ireland is baffled until another leader, endowed with those rare qualities which rendered Parnell invincible as a leader, arises. If any one should doubt that such a man is now needed at the head of Irish political affairs let him cast a glance at the present situation. There he will find not one faint spark of that fire of independence which made the Irish party a dreaded power in St. Stephen's a few years ago. Subsequently yielding to a government over which they are numerically the masters they allow by ignoble compromise a fresh lease of life to the lorded despoilers of Irish rights. West Britishism reigns supreme in councils where the whispers of an English minister were once powerless to dictate, and where intrigue was a thing unknown, because supremacy was undisputed. Amid the general darkness there are bright rays of hope. The fault is not with the Irish people but with their representatives, deprived, as they are, of a governing and restraining hand. Pharisceism shall not always triumph, nor shall victory continually abide with self-constituted guides who are quick to perceive the mole in the eye of their neighbors while blind as to the beam in their own.

W. J. PURCELL.

Before a Full Head of Steam

Is gathered by that tremendously destructive engine, malaria, put on the brakes with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will check its progress and avert disaster. Chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake are promptly relieved and ultimately cured by this genial specific, which is also a comprehensive family medicine, speedily useful in cases of dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia. Against the hurtful effects of sudden changes of temperature, exposure in wet weather, close application to laborious mental pursuits, and other influences prejudicial to health, it is a most trustworthy safeguard. It fortifies the system against disease, promotes appetite and sleep, and fastens convalescence after debilitating and flesh wasting diseases.

FAMOUS IRISH AUTHORS.

Some of Ireland's Noted Writers of the Present Day.

Aubrey DeVere, Whose Writings Have Made the Ancient Traditions of Ireland So Interesting.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

For rather let us loathe and scorn the power
Of Song, than seek her fane with hearts impure,
Panting for praise or pay, the vulgar lure
Of those on whom the Muse doth scantily shower,
Or not at all, her amaranthine dower;
Ye that would serve her, first of this be sure:
Her glorious Pæans will for aye endure
Whether or not she smile upon your bower.

Go forth, Eternal Melodies, go forth
O'er all the world and in your broad arms' wind it!
Go forth as ye are wont, from South to North;
No spot so barren but your spells can find it.
So long as heaven is vaulted o'er the earth,
So long your power survives, and who can bind it?

Thus sang Aubrey DeVere in one of his earlier poems, and his subsequent writings show that he was in earnest when he gave these sentiments to the world. In all his poetry there is an intellectual element which gives to it a strong mental as well as spiritual character. It is not so much thought as comprehension which his poetry most evinces: that comprehension which is the genius of the historian and grasps the governing principles, follows the essential ideas, watches the doubtful issue of the inward world of conviction and illusion, of which alone the fate is significant.

There was a wonderful range in his poetry: from the far distant traditions of the Irish bards it wanders to the Roman legends, thence to Norse sagas, returning at length, after paying the tribute of admiration to America, to the native land of the poet. The old land is near to the heart of the singer; her mythical heroes spring into life; the ivy mind ruins are repeopled with ancient [illegible] and high-bred dames; the awesome raths once more are filled with fairy revellers, the giant Fenians fling out their wild slogans and the gentle swan sings her lament to the ripples of the Moyle.

Few writers have made the ancient traditions of Ireland so interesting, none of them has given them such life or infused such genius into the poetical treatment of them. In the "Three Sorrows of Story Telling" one sees no longer the modern poet; there is an ancient flavor in all of the three tales that brings one back to the days of olden chivalry, to the golden age of Irish romance and we seem to listen to an Ossian's relation of the Fenian Legends.

The "Foray of Queen Maive" is one of the noblest of his works. It introduces Cuchullain, the greatest hero in Irish mythology, as the leading figure of the tale. He alone defends Ulladh against the army of Queen Maive; all the great chieftains and Druids she can muster against him are slain in hand-to-hand combat. The arch-Druid advises the queen to send Ferdia, the boyhood friend of Cuchullain, to fight the latter. Ferdia refuses the proffered bribes but succumbs to the arts of Finobar, the daughter of Queen Maive.

"Fearful she turned
On him those luminaries of love and death,
Her eyes, like stars in midnight waters glassed;
Turned them, but spake no longer. Through his brain
Shivered their shrouded lustre; through his blood
The sanguine currents from the warrior's heart,
Long sad, to female sympathies unused,
Drank up at once that splendor, and the tears
That splendor's strange eclipse."

Ferida accedes to the queen's request and gives battle to Cuchullain. The description of the combat is of great strength and can thrill the heart with its vivid pictures. For four days the duel is fought, each day they alternately have the choice of weapons. In the description of the third day's fight there is a magnificent word picture:

"The choice today is mine. I choose the sword;"
So spake the Firbolg; and they closed in fight;
And straightway from his heart to arm and hand
Rushed up the strength of all that buried race
By him so loved! Once more it swelled his breast,
Reclothed in majesty each massive limb,
And flashed in darksome light of hair and eye,
Resplendent as of old. Surpassing deeds
They wrought, while circled meteor-like their swords,
Or fell like heaven's own bolt on shield or helm.

Ferida falls beneath the weapon of his friend and o'er his corse the victor pours out his anguish at his death. The excerpts given can but furnish a faint idea of the many beauties of this heroic tale. There is a strong interest in it, a grandeur of tone and a nobility that entitle it to rank among the great epic poems.

"Naisi's Wooing," the second of the Fenian cycle of stories, is written in the same vein, and the "Children of Lir" breathes an air of pathos, heart-reaching and deep. The idea of the latter poem—the first human effort to extend the bounds of Divine Mercy, to reach through the "dark backward and abysm" of the thousand pagan years, and gather to its fold these children to be the first fruits of Christ in their land—is very noble; but great as is the idea, it is subdued into a simple idyl of childhood. The poem is unique, and the handling, (Tennyson and Todhunter treated it less admirably,) is exquisite. The children in their home are dear and in their transformation into swans there is no discord. The swan nature, already half-human in poetic tradition, blends of itself with the ideal image of childhood; and the nearness of the little exiles to humanity, after their change, is sustained by their mystical night-long singing overheard by men, and by the tale told their poet listening solitary by the sea in the sixth century of their woe. In their life with nature, too, a new aspect sympathetic with childhood emerges; and lastly, though lost, they still live in a world of their own, as children do. This beautiful tradition of the Irish race must become a part of the child-literature of our language.

The Christian element in this last story prepares the way for the poet's more voluminous and distinctly religious work, in which he selects his themes from the saintly legends of the church, and shows the abundance and power of that life, idolized in holy tradition, which converted the nations and revivified the world.

The tales of St. Patrick which illustrate the conversion of Ireland, are roughened by the old Bardic strength overcome by the new Gospel, and masculine vigor is thus infused into it, while a poetic continuity with the primitive lays is preserved. "St. Patrick and Ossian" is one of the more rugged kind and typically Celtic in its treatment. It follows closely in style, although of an entirely different theme, and ancient Gaelic dialogue between the self-same personages; in Aubrey De Vere's work the Saint is having a hard time of it, trying to instil a spirit of Christianity into the bard's heart, but the stubborn old pagan will not give up his heroic Fenian traditions and druidic belief entirely. He cannot forget the companions of his youth or their great achievements. "Aengeus," another of the St. Patrick tales, is of the same kind, but of a gentler nature. This latter is written in the poet's best strain and is imbued with a deep religious feeling.

In his single contemporary Irish tale, "The Sisters"—a tale which makes one regret so complete an absorption of his narrative power in other lines—the criticism upon Ireland's history has both edge and weight, and its conversational power is charming. Together with the gaunt reality of the "Year of Sorrow," this story of the actual reveals the heart of a patriot, near to his native land. Indeed, in whatever division of his verse he approaches the subject of Ireland, his style gathers into melancholy passion. His sonnet to the memory of Sarsfield and Clare is the outpouring of a patriot's heart:

Silent they slumber in the unwholesome shade;
And why lament them? Virtue, too, can die,
Old wisdom labors in extremity;
And greatness stands aghast, and cries for aid
Full often; aye, and honor grows dismayed;
And all those eagle hopes, so pure and high,
Which soar aloft in youth's unclouded sky,
Drop dustward, self-subverted, self-betrayed.
Call it not joy to walk the immortal floor
Of this exulting earth, nor peace to lie
Where the thronged marbles awe the passer-by;
True rest is this; the task, the mission o'er,
To bide God's time, and man's neglect to bear—
Hail, loyal Sarsfield! Hail, high-hearted Clare!

There has often been a serious doubt in my mind as to whether the poem of "Poland and Russia" were not a sly hit at England and Ireland. The circumstances are as fitting in one case as the other:

The Strong One with the Weak One reasons thus:
"Through sin of thine our eagle wings are clipt!
Through frost of thine our summer branch is nipt:
Thy wounds accuse; thy rags are mutinous;
The nations note thy aspect dolorous,
Like some starved shape, that cowers in charnel crypt,
Or landscape in eclipse perpetual dipt,
And, ignorant cavil, not at thee but us!"

Then answer makes that worn voice, stern and slow:
"Am I a dog the scourger's hand that licks,
And fattens? Blind reproof but spurns the pricks.
That which I am thou mad'st me! long ago
My face thou grav'dst to be a face of woe,
Fixed as the fixed face of a crucifix."

In comparison with the body of his work he has written but few short poems. He paid the tribute to Love, which is required of the gentle heart, in a few musical lyrics, usually with the sad cadence: he paid also his tribute to human liberty and the general hope of man, in some fervid sonnets that spoke from the breast; and, lastly, he paid his tribute to his friends—for he was rich in friendship—laying his loyal laurel upon each remembered grave. Finally—to compress much miscellaneous verse into small space—in "Zara to Antar" he treated a difficult theme of love with a delicacy and truth of feeling that justified its inscription to Tennyson:

I heard his voice, and I was dumb,
Because to his my spirit cleaved.
He called me from afar; I come
Because I loved him, I believed.

He said, "Though love be secret yet,
Eternity its truth shall prove."
It seemed not gift, but ancient debt
Discharged, to answer love with love.

Such in general, is the poet's work. It possesses many qualities that distinguish it highly in modern verse and place its author among the master-singers of the century. The Irish poems of Aubrey De Vere should be an eternal monument to the poet in the hearts of his countrymen; for in them he has rendered a service to his native land that will receive its just recognition from all who love the cause and the literature of Ireland.

Aubrey Thomas DeVere was born at Curragh Chase, county Limerick, on Jan. 10, 1814. He was educated at Trinity college, Dublin, and graduated in 1837 from that institution with B. A. affixed to his name. Some of his writings appeared in 1830 in the Dublin *Literary Gazette*, and were the earliest known works from his pen. In 1869 a collection of his poems was published by the Catholic Publication Society of New York, but recently a neat collection entitled "Selected Poems of Aubrey De Vere" has been published by Macmillan & Co., of New York. It is splendidly edited by George Edward Woodberry, of Beverly, Mass., who has written a masterly preface to the work; this preface might better be termed a dissertation on the life and works of the poet, for in it Mr. Woodberry carefully analyzes the character of the poems and as a sketch it might bear favorable comparison with some of the best of our magazine articles. Whether or not Mr. Woodberry is an Irishman, I do not know, but in his preface he has certainly paid a high tribute of admiration, with the heart of a poetical enthusiast—for such he evidently is—to one of the greatest poets Ireland has ever produced.

MEMORIAL OF JAMES SULLIVAN.

There was a large attendance of members at the Press Club at 4 o'clock last Saturday, when James R. B. Van Cleave presented to the club a bust of James Sullivan, late president of the Newspaper Club. Mr. Sullivan, who was an intimate friend of the donor of the bust, died suddenly in the rooms of the Newspaper Club last July. The bust, which is life size and of bronze, was executed by R. H. Park, and is a splendid presentment of its subject.

MEANING OF REJECTIONS.

There is no author, prominent or unknown, who has not at some time or other felt the keen disappointment and discouragement that comes from the rejection of a manuscript. This is a mental pain inflicted on the just as well as the unjust writer. To some it is a crushing blow, breaking into fragments all their hopes and ambition; while to others it is but a temporary sting, which soon spurs them on to greater effort. The severity of the pain inflicted by the declination of a manuscript depends altogether upon the way that declination is interpreted. It would not be possible to experience a thrill of joy and delight over the reappearance of a manuscript which had been sent out with all the natural hope of acceptance; but it is possible to change the feeling of despair that comes over the author into one of comparative indifference by the exercise of a little thought on the meaning of the rejection.

Without this thought the first glance at the printed slip accompanying an unavailable contribution will convey to a writer the impression that his work is of no value; that it has been sent back to him because it is wanting in literary style, or plot, or both, and it will be thrown aside in disgust. But the declination means nothing of this kind. It means just what the editor's letter says, that the manuscript is not adapted to the particular needs of his publication. It means that it is either too long or too short, too serious, or too light, too sensational, or not enough so to be in keeping with the general style of the magazine to which it was sent; and, further, that it might just suit some other periodical of a different character.

So the author, instead of being discouraged at the receipt of a rejected manuscript, should at once send it out again, with the hope that this time it will strike the nail exactly on the head. If it does not, he should try it with still another editor, and then another, until the manuscript finds the place for which it is just fitted.

If a writer will do this and remember that the editor's favorite expression, "The return of a manuscript does not necessarily imply lack of merit," is true and not merely a meaningless phrase to lessen the pain of rejection, he will find the disappointment of non-success not so keen after all, but only a temporary check in his onward march to ultimate success.—*Author's Journal.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

TWO BOLD BANDITS.

THEY DO A NEAT JOB IN THE HOLD-UP LINE.

Without Firing a Shot, Stopping the Train or Alarming the Passengers—A Point Near Ottumwa, Ia., the Scene and the Burlington the Road.

OTTUMWA, Ia., Jan. 14.—Several hundred passengers on the Burlington passenger train No. 4, with the conductor and other trainmen, were greatly surprised on the arrival of the train at the Union station in this city to learn that the train had been held up. The event, which transpired in twenty minutes while the train was in transit, was the most daring, coolest and most consummate train robbery ever attempted in this country. The train is a through train and carries many passengers, but it also hauls much through eastbound mail and express. At times there are big amounts in the express car safe. This fact the robbers were evidently acquainted with, as they were with the movements of the train. The agent at Chillicothe, a small station seven miles west, had seen two roughly-dressed men about the station in the afternoon, but had paid no particular attention then to them.

Enter Two Bold Railway Brigands.

When No. 4 arrived at his station at 6:30 p. m. they disappeared. When the train moved out he ticked "good day" to the Ottumwa train dispatcher's office, locked up and went home. The company keeps no night agent at that point. The two men had boarded the passenger train, and as the agent locked up his office they crouched on the front end of the Adams express car. Inside Messenger John T. Page, of Burlington, sat by his open safe, checking up his run into Ottumwa, and his assistants, L. Hawk, of Chariton, and Ed Wright, of Ottumwa, stood a short distance away. Soon a noise attracted Page's attention and he glanced up to look into the faces of two masked men with a revolver in each hand, who had entered through the front-end door, which had been left unlocked.

On Serious Business Intent.

The first thing Wright heard was the eminons: "Hold up your hands."

"Go to thunder," answered Wright.

"This is no joke," cried the robber. "I'll kill you if you don't hold up your hands." Wright saw that it was business and threw up his hands. All three were rounded up, bound and gagged, and thrown into a corner. Just then a mail clerk sauntered in from his car adjoining to pass the time of day with the express boys, and arrived just in time to become a fellow with them at the surprise party. He was bound and gagged and thrown on the floor. The robbers then rifled the safe and put the contents into a sack which they carried. Surprising to their silent watchers they did not continue to the mail cars or to the passenger coaches, but stood leisurely waiting until the train slacked up for the Milwaukee railroad crossing, a mile west of the city, when they doffed their caps to the quartett of prisoners and walking to the platform leaped from the train.

SAME GANG HEARD FROM BEFORE.

Their Hiding Place Abandoned Coal Mines in Wapello and Monroe Counties.

The place where they alighted is right on the river bank, and in the middle of the river is an island a mile long which has been said to be the rendezvous of all sorts of desperadoes by tradition and legend of years. It is believed they crossed to the island on the ice, walked the length of the island and passed to the other side of the river, which is the beginning of a huge stretch of wild territory honeycombed with abandoned coal mines in Wapello and Monroe counties, where there is unquestionably a gang of moonshiners and counterfeiters. It is believed that these men are of the same gang as Johnson and Collet, in the United States prison at Council Bluffs for shooting Deputy United States Marshal Wray at Albia and releasing a pal in his custody for illicit distilling.

It is thought that confederates met them at this point with horses and they are now out of reach, for United States marshals have even got so close to moonshiners in this locality as to exchange shots with them and then were unable to secure them owing to the numerous hiding places in the wild river country thereabouts. When the robbers left the train at the crossing the mail clerk succeeded in getting his bonds loosened and he lost no time in releasing his companions. By that time the train was at the station at Ottumwa and the alarm was given. Two posses were started in pursuit. One in charge of Burlington Detective Jim Harrison took an engine and started for Chillicothe.

Harrison is the man who killed one bandit and wounded another at Batavia a short time ago. The sheriff took another posse up to the island to pick up the trail there. Nothing has been upturned by them yet. The robbers were medium-sized men. Both wore brown overcoats and caps with flap masks. One had on gray jeans pants and the other wore overalls, and both had high boots. Local officials estimate the amount taken at $8,000, but on account of it being the habit of banks in small towns to send money to Chicago Saturday it is believed the amount is much larger.

Parkhurst to Lecture at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Jan. 14. — Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, who has made such a reputation as a reformer in the city of New York will appear before a Chicago audience at the Auditorium on the night of Jan. 23. The committee of the Marquette club, under whose auspices he will deliver his lecture, announces that in a general way Dr. Parkhurst's subject will be "Municipal Reform."

Duluth Populists to Retire.

DULUTH, Jan. 12.—It is given out that the Duluth Populists will retire from the political arena in this city for all time to come. No convention was held two years ago, and the leaders are now considering the advisability of refraining from holding one for the spring election.

Woman Suffrage for Idaho.

BOISE, Jan. 12.—A resolution for an amendment to the constitution granting suffrage to women passed the senate without a dissenting vote. The senatorial squabble is still "on."

Chandler Goes Back to the Senate.

CONCORD, N. H., Jan. 11.—Hon. William E. Chandler was nominated last night in a Republican caucus of the legislature to succeed himself as United States senator for the term of six years.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

Proceedings of the National Lawmakers in Both Houses.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—Further debate on Lodge's resolution asking for information why the American ships had been withdrawn from Hawaiian waters took place in the senate. Palmer spoke against it, as did Gray. At 2 o'clock the resolution again took its place on the calendar and during the remainder of the day the senate listened to eulogies on the late Alfred H. Colquitt, of Georgia, at the close of which the senate adjourned.

It was the last day of the general debate on the currency bill in the house and the opponents of the measure had their innings. All the speakers except Cox of Tennessee antagonized it.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—In the senate the urgent deficiency bill was reported and will be considered today. Pasco spoke in opposition to the Nicaragua canal bill, but in favor of the canal. The bill for the relief of settlers in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan was passed. An executive session was held.

The house rejected the previous question on a rule to close the debate on the Carlisle currency bill and for a vote next Saturday, thus practically defeating the bill, by a vote of ayes, 124 (all Democrats); nays, 129. The diplomatic appropriation bill was passed with amendments for consulates at Erzeroum, Armenia and Harpoot, Turkey, in the vicinity of alleged Moslem outrages on Armenians. The postoffice bill was taken up, carrying $89,442,152. It was passed without amendment.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—The income tax came up for considerable discussion in the senate in the course of the debate on the urgency deficiency bill. Hill offered an amendment designed to afford an opportunity to contest the constitutionality of the act, upon which he spoke briefly. Quay gave notice of several amendments he intends to offer to the bill—one repealing the income tax and the others to insert the McKinley tariff act and the McKinley woolen schedule. Caffery of Louisiana commenced his speech on the Nicaraguan canal bill.

The proceedings in the house were exceedingly dull, most of the day being consumed in the consideration of the District of Columbia appropriation bill, which was passed. Several bills of minor importance relating to steamship matters were passed, and also ten private pension bills.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12.—Practically the whole of the senate session was occupied in the discussion of Hill's amendment to the urgency deficiency bill, designed to afford an opportunity to test the constitutionality of the income tax law. Vest introduced a financial bill providing for the retirement of the greenbacks and gold and silver certificates, and the issue in their place of an equal amount of notes payable in either gold or silver, none of said notes to be of smaller denomination than $10; the option as to what metal redemption shall take place in is left with the government; it abolishes national bank notes, provides a 3 per cent. bond to keep the reserve up to $100,000,000, and for free coinage of "dad's" dollars, the bullion to be bought at the market price, Uncle Sam retaining the seigniorage, and using it in the current expenses of the government.

It was private bill day in the house, but only one bill was considered—a claim of the heirs of William Johnson, of Fayette county, Tenn., for $13,000 worth of stores confiscated during the war. The bill was finally withdrawn. Before the regular order was demanded nine bills were passed by unanimous consent. Most of them were of minor importance, but one was to protect the salmon fisheries of Alaska.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—Interest was given to the senate proceedings by the speeches of Gorman and Hill on various phases of the tariff and financial situation. The principal interest in Gorman's speech was his defense of the income tax on the same grounds that the boy in the story told the traveler that he must have the gopher. Allison and Stewart also spoke, the latter completing his speech begun last week. No business was done.

Filibustering tactics again defeated the Grout oleomargarine bill which was under consideration during the morning hour in the house. The remainder of the day was consumed with business reported from the judiciary committee. But one bill, however, was passed, that providing for additional judicial facilities for the Indian territory.

Lewelling Steals His March.

TOPEKA, Kan., Jan. 12.—In accordance with his implied intention to steal a march on Governor-elect Morrill in the matter of nominations, Governor Lewelling sent to the senate the names of fifteen or more Populists for state superintendent of insurance, live stock commissioner, state regents, and police commissioners. The Populist senate had a row over the nominations, but confirmed those for Atchison and Fort Scott. The fight centered on Hinshaw for member of the state board of charities. It is claimed that these officers when confirmed can only be removed for cause.

Vice President Still at Asheville.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—Vice President Stevenson is still detained at Asheville, N. C., because of the illness of his daughter Mary. Her condition is reported to be still critical in the extreme and it is uncertain when Mr. Stevenson will be able to return to the city. The vice president's family are all at Asheville, except his son Lewis G. Stevenson, who is unable to leave the bedside of his wife, also dangerously ill in Bloomington, Ills. Mr. Lewis Stevensen has been unable to be in Washington since the meeting of congress on this account, as at times his wife's recovery has been despaired of.

Turney Holds on in Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, Jan. 12.—The debate upon the powers of the legislature under the constitution in canvassing the vote for governor has ended in the senate in a vote adopting the Democratic plan by a vote of 19 to 14—one Democrat voting with the Republicans. The resolution was at once sent to the house, where it was debated all day without action. The house will almost certainly agree, and as it will take forty or fifty days to complete the investigation provided for Governor Turney will hold on for that time at least.

Quarrel Ended in California.

SACRAMENTO, Jan. 12.—The trouble over the governorship ended with the inauguration of Budd yesterday and the senatorial fight engages attention. The candidates are Perkins, now senator, and M. H. DeYoung. Perkins has a caucus nomination, which the DeYoung men repudiate, by the small vote of forty-five to eighty-seven.

SOLONS OF ILLINOIS.

REPORT OF THEIR PROCEEDINGS AT SPRINGFIELD.

The Lawmakers Hard at Work Introducing Bills and Resolutions in Both Branches of the Legislature—Prairie State News of Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 10.—Both houses of the Illinois legislature were called to order on time and the Republicans immediately proceeded to organize. In the senate Lieutenant Governor Gill called the members to order and after prayer by Rev. M. F. Troxell, Chief Justice Wilkins swore all the members. The Republican caucus nominees were then elected, seats were drawn and the usual notifications sent to the governor and house. Adjourned.

The house proceedings were similar. Meyer was elected speaker and made a brief address, and the other Republican caucus nominees were duly installed. Little business was done save the notifications to governor and senate, and the house adjourned.

Governor Altgeld's message will be read today. There is no change in the senatorial situation. It is Cullom against the field, with the chances in favor of Cullom.

It has been decided that the Republican senatorial caucus shall be held Thursday evening, Jan. 17.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 11.—The first thing done in the state senate was the reading of the governor's message, after which the first bill of the session was introduced, it being the bill to provide for state charge of the Lincoln monument. There were a number of bills introduced later, one of which defines anarchy, another limits the time to contest a will to two years, another provides for the fencing of railways and another fixes the salaries of legislators at $800 a year. The senate then adjourned to the house to witness the canvass of the state vote.

The house listened to the governor's message with evident interest, and then the senate having arrived the two houses proceeded to witness the canvass of the returns of the state election last November, which was soon accomplished and the senate retired. Notice of contest was filed against Poindexter, of Bond county. The first bill introduced in the house was one providing for civil service reform in all cities adopting the same, prepared by the Civic Federation of Chicago. The house did a little routine business and adjourned.

The first half of the governor's message is devoted to the details of state institutions, and shows careful administration and the practice of profitable economies. A large portion is devoted to the labor troubles and the sending of national troops to Chicago without waiting for the request of the governor, which action of the president of the United States he condemns very vigorously, holding that the state was amply able to and really did, after all, suppress the rioting. He also attacks the United States courts on the matter of injunctions, like the Debs case. The message contains 26,000 words.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 12.—When the senate was called to order there were only twelve members in their seats. A joint resolution from the house providing for the printing of 5,000 copies of the governor's message was concurred in, and bills introduced to give to the agricultural board the $90,000 surplus of the state World's fair commission, to license plumbers, and to legalize elections where they were not held according to the Australian ballot law. The house was in session but twenty minutes. A number of appointments of minor capitol officials were announced. The most important business was the introduction of a joint resolution authorizing the submission to the people of the question of holding a constitutional convention, the vote to be taken at the next general election. Both houses adjourned to Monday.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 15.—In the house the only business transacted was the adoption of a resolution authorizing the secretary of state to procure a sufficient number of Hurd's revised statutes to supply one copy to each member of the house. In the senate Hamer introduced a bill making it a crime for any person or corporation to insure a minor. Hunter introduced two bills amending the Canada thistle law by including in its provisions the Russian thistle.

MEDILL IS OUT OF THE RACE.

Under no Circumstances Will He Be a Candidate for Senator.

CHICAGO, Jan. 14 —State Senator Crawford, speaking at a caucus of Cook county Republican legislators, referring to the senatorial situation at Springfield said: "I have been authorized to announce the withdrawal of Mr. Medill's name. Medill has notified the gentlemen who are his warmest supporters that under no circumstances would he allow his name to go before the caucus or be presented to the legislature as a candidate for senator. Gentlemen who have acted in his behalf have authorized me to make this statement, and I will state that he is no longer to be considered."

The object of the caucus was to select a candidate on whom the Cook county delegation could concentrate. No decision was reached.

Notes of the State.

Six well developed cases of diphtheria have been discovered in Lewistown, Ills., and the houses have been quarantined.

Victor Phelps, son of the foreman of the Fargo Shoe factory at Dixon, Ills., fell from the ice house chute and was fatally injured.

For the twenty-fourth time I. P. McDowell was chosen president and John J. Taylor vice president of the First National bank at Fairbury, Ills.

The most prominent society event of the season at Carlyle, Ills., was the marriage of Miss Sadie Cecil Norton, niece of General W. A. J. Sparks, ex-United States land commissioner, to J. Monroe Tayler, of St. Louis.

John Poehlmann, 65 years of age, fell from a coal wagon at Springfield, Ills., breaking his neck.

Lawyers from all parts of Illinois will gather in Springfield Jan. 24 to attend the opening of the annual meeting of the Illinois State Bar association. The meeting will last two days and all the preparations are completed.

After Colonel Coit.

COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 14.—Sheriff Loufborrow of Fayette county is here to take Colonel A. B. Coit to Washington Court House on a charge of manslaughter. Mr. Coit, as the representative of the board of trade, is in Hocking valley carrying relief to destitute miners, but has been telegraphed to report here forthwith.

WAITE GOES TO SEE DEBS.

He Talks About His Lecture Tour—Sure of Winning "at Phillippi."

CHICAGO, Jan. 12.—Ex-Governor Waite, of Colorado, who will lecture here tonight, went this morning to Woodstock to pay a visit to Eugene V. Debs and his fellow prisoners. Regarding his lecture tour he says he is not undertaking it for his own benefit, but solely for the benefit of the Populist party. He said: "The old party press doesn't treat our party fairly, we think, and so it is necessary that some one of our faith take the platform in order that our ideas may be properly be set forth." He was sure the Populists would carry Colorado in 1896.

He announced that after speaking in three large cities in the west he would go to New York and deliver a lecture there Jan. 22. A few days later he will go to Washington, where he will lecture on "Who's Our Fat Friend?" This lecture will be devoted to an exposition of Governor Waite's views of the president of the United States. Speaking of this lecture Waite said: "I do not intend to attack the personality of the executive. Of course Cleveland can no more help being fat than I can help being thin. Besides there are many other fat men in Washington. All I will do is to bring out the tyrannical acts of the president, as I look upon them."

MEN GO DOWN WITH WRECKS.

Numerous Vessels Founder in the Storm Sweeping Great Britain.

LONDON, Jan. 15.—The British steamer Rowan has foundered in the Bay of Biscay. One of her boats containing six men alive and two dead has been picked up. The other boat, which was launched with seven men, including the first officer, has been lost. The Italian bark Theresina, from Liverpool for Trieste, has been wrecked near Strangford. The captain and seven of the crew were rescued; three others were drowned. The brigantine Satis, from Rochester to Sunderland, has been stranded at Donnanook, Lincolnshire, the crew being rescued. An unknown brig has foundered off Hale. The crew perished.

LONDON, Jan 15.—A terrific storm is raging all through the country. Snow in many places is twelve feet deep and wrecks are numerous on the coast. Two ships are reported foundered and their crews drowned. Life savers are doing heroic work everywhere along the coast. The schooner Balcey capsized off North Sunderland point and all the crew were drowned.

Street Car Strike in Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 15.—Nearly 6,000 men, including motormen, conductors, electricians and others employed on the various trolley railroads in this city, have quit work. It was the first strike the trolley system had experienced and was a most thorough and complete one. The only road not tied up was the Brooklyn and Coney Island, better known as the Jay and Smith street line. President Henry M. Slocum had the men's demand under consideration, and when the committee of the district assembly called on him the strike, as far as his road was concerned, was amicably settled. An agreement was signed and now that road is the only one running in full force.

Narrowly Escaped Death.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan. 15.—A nearly fatal balloon ascension occurred here. Gussie De Varo was to have gone up in a balloon and make a flying leap on a parachute. She did not make her appearance and Miss Russell, who has been posing at a sideshow in Jacksonville as a Circassian beauty, consented to take her place. Miss Russell did not hear the report of the pistol that was to be the signal for her to jump, and the balloon went up 1,000 feet or more. She then cut loose from the balloon and when the parachute descended in landed Miss Russell in the middle of St. Johns river. She became entangled in the parachute and was only saved after going down twice.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2½@3½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm with actual business in bankers' bills at 485½@489 for demand and 487½@488 for sixty days; posted rates 483½@489 and 489½@490; commercial bills 484½@486¾.

Silver certificates 60½ bid; no sales; bar silver 59¾. Mexican dollars 49.

United States government bonds 5's regular 117; 5 's coupons 117; 4's regular 113; 4's coupons 113; 2's regular 97; Pacific 6's of '95 109.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Jan. 14.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—January, opened 54¾c, closed 54¾c; May, opened 58¼c, closed 58¾c; July, opened 59¼c, closed 58¾c. Corn—January, opened 45¾c, closed 45¼c; May, opened 48¼c, closed 48c; July, opened 47¾c, closed 4.¾c. Oats—January, opened —c, closed 28¾c; February, opened —c, closed 29¼c; May, opened 31¼c, closed 30¾c. Pork—January, opened $11.57½, closed $11.57½; May, opened $11.85, closed $11.85. Lard—January, opened $6.87½, closed $6.85.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 24c per lb; extra dairy, 20c; packing stock, 8@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 20c per doz., loss off. Live Poultry—Chickens, spring, 6½@7½c per lb; turkeys, 8@8½c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, 7@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 50@54c per bu; Hebrons, 48@51c; Early Rose, 50@54c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.50@2.00 per bbl. Cranberries—Cape Cod, fair to good, $9.00@10.00 per bbl; choice to fancy, $10.50@11.50. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13½@14c per lb; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Jan. 14.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 24,000; sales ranged at $3.75@5.05 pigs, $4.00@4.45 light, $4.10@4.30 rough packing, $4.10@4.5 mixed, and $4.25@4.80 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 18,500; quotations ranged at $3.20@5.00 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.55@5.15 good to choice do, $4.05@4.85 fair to good, $3.35@3.90 common to medium do, $3.00@3.60 butchers' steers, $2.20@2.90 stockers, $2.90@3.60 feeders, $1.25@2.70 cows, $2.30@3.30 heifers, $1.50@3.70 bulls, $2.25@3.10 Texas steers, $2.75@4.25 western rangers and $2.00@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 18,000; sales ranged at $2.2 @3.25 westerns, $1.50@2.90 Texans, $1.50@3.60 natives and $2.50@4.85 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, Jan. 14.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 2,40) head; market steady and active; 10@15c higher; best native shipping steers, $4.85@5.35; good to medium, $4.60@4.80; fair to choice light, $4.25@4.50; springers and cows, $2.00@3.00. Hogs—Receipts for the day, 7,20) heads; market steady and higher; pigs, $4.55@4.90; good mixed packers, $4.40@4.55; choice heavy, $4.60@4.65. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts for the day, 600 head; market higher; good native lambs, $4.65@5.00; fair to extra mixed sheep, $2.2@2.85; good to best, $3.50@4.00

STATE MONEY GONE.

AND SOUTH DAKOTA'S TREASURER IS ALSO MISSING.

Last Heard from at New York, Whence He Writes a "Letter of Regret"—State Treasury Looted of About All Therein and His Bondsmen Left.

REDFIELD, S. D., Jan. 10.—Probably the most startling failure that ever occurred in South Dakota or the northwest was revealed in news received from William Walter Taylor, the outgoing state treasurer and president of the First National bank and Northwestern Mortgage Trust company, of this city, that he would not appear to make his settlement at Pierre with his successor, Treasurer-Elect Phillips, of Deadwood. The news and the closing of his bank here came like a thunder clap from a clear sky, as both Taylor and the financial institutions with which he was connected were regarded as firm and reliable beyond question. The news from Pierre demonstrates that no money is held there to the credit of the state treasurer and none is held in the bank here.

Much Money Missing with Him.

It is estimated that about $350,000 is missing with Taylor. Aside from the financial loss the action of Taylor is felt terribly by all who have known and done business with him and the financial enterprises with which he has been connected in years past. He and his enterprises here have handled many thousands of eastern capital, and his bank here has always been regarded as one of the firm, safe institutions in the state. On Tuesday morning his bank here opened for business as usual, and the cashier, F. W. Humphrey, informs us that the bank held 50 per cent. of its deposits in cash and in bonds of approved reserve agents east. There was a quiet run on the bank Tuesday by parties who had their suspicions aroused by receiving private information from Pierre that Taylor had not shown up there and that something was wrong.

Bank Will Pay All Its Debts.

The bank officials decided to close the bank subject to examination by the controller of the currency, and that official was notified at once. The action was taken for the protection of the bank and its many depositors. Cashier Humphrey declares that deposits will be paid in full as soon as the government examiner concludes his examination, as thre is an excess of fully $60,000 in good paper, and besides about 40 per cent. deposited in other banks. The bank here is not compromised financially by Taylor's default. It is stated authoritatively that after the examination of the bank and its credit is restored it will reorganize and open up for business. The worst blow falls upon Taylor, and his bondsmen, many of whom reside here and are representative and leading business men of Redfield.

LETTER FROM THE MISSING MAN.

He Will Not Return and Cannot Settle with the State.

Taylor was last seen in Chicago on Jan. 4 by a citizen of this state. He went from Chicago to New York. It is not known whether the state or his bondsmen have been protected in any way or not by him. No bank elsewhere is involved in the default. Pierre banks were suspicious of Taylor's absence and drew their deposits from the bank here before the bank closed. The following letter was received yesterday morning under date of Jan. 6 by the bank here. The envelope was postmarked New York, Jan. 6. It will throw important light upon the matter and settle all doubts as to Mr. Taylor's disappearance.

"DEAR FRANK: I am compelled to inform you that I will not return to Redfield or Pierre. I have counted on friends assisting in making up my settlement with the state and felt that it would be done until the last few days. I feel relieved to know that the First National of Redfield is not in any way rightfully compromised by my misfortune, and hope that its patrons will believe you, as they should, for you have always kept the bank's affairs in good, safe condition. There is no reason why the bank should not continue its business. I offer no excuse for my condition, although I have many, and believe myself. Yours truly,

W. W. TAYLOR."

It develops that a plaster mortgage reached Redfield Wednesday morning and was duly filed in the register of deeds office, transferring to a company in Chicago all his real estate and chattel in this city and Spink county. Next to the state the blow falls terribly hard on his principal bondsmen who reside here. They qualified in sums representing all they have in the world. The entire city used the bank for a depository, hence a deadly paralysis has affected all the arteries of trade and social life.

TAYLOR SAID TO BE IN HIDING

Awaiting a Compromise That Will Relieve His Bondsmen.

REDFIELD, S. D., Jan. 12.—Advices received here in a private letter from New York would indicate that a party representing Taylor suggests a meeting of the bondsmen at the Great Northern hotel in Chicago on Jan. 17 to consider a settlement. The impression prevails here that Taylor is not out of this country, but is hiding, awaiting a compromise which will relieve his bondsmen.

Depositors of the bank held a meeting last night to discuss what action to take in regard to the closed bank. C. H. Vinton is expected home from St. Paul. There is no evidence here to prove his complicity with Taylor's default. If he knew of Taylor's intentions he has given out by action or word nothing which would verify it. The household goods in Taylor's residence have been levied on by an attorney in the interest of depositors of the bank per order of the examiner.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Jan. 12.—F. W. Miller, United States district attorney for the district of South Dakota, in an interview here concerning ex-State Treasurer Taylor's shortage, said: "It was known in state house circles as long as a year or two ago that his accounts were not what they should be, and there was a determined effort made first, to renominate him, and then to secure the nomination of a man friendly to him, in order to cover his tracks. The failed, and of course the shortage came out. The state officers who accepted the bond furnished by Taylor are also to blame. It is a fact that but little can be realized on it. Men were permitted to qualify on the bond for thousands of dollars who were not worth a cent over and above their debts."

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Thursday, Jan. 10.

The supreme court of Michigan has modified its decision regarding distinguishing marks on election ballots.

The figures of the Immigration Restriction league show a decrease of 150,000 in the number of immigrants during the past year.

Governor Nelson, of Minnesota, had the satisfaction of recommending in his message to the legislature just convened a reduction in the tax rate.

A national cycle show is in progress at Battery D and First regiment armories, Chicago, and is attracting a large attendance. Every conceivable style of "wheel" is on exhibition.

The United States patent office is up to date with its work for the first time in fifteen years.

Joseph Denning, believed to be insane, was arrested at Deadwood, S. D. He was looking for Judge Fuller, of the supreme court, with the avowed intention of killing him.

Hog cholera is raging near Eldorado Springs, Mo. One farmer lost seventy-five head.

Friday, Jan. 11.

A New York gas inspector discovered the dead body of Mrs. B. Mayer in a room in a tenement house, with a rubber tube extending from the gas burner to her mouth. She had been dead since about Dec. 2.

The brewers of Cincinnati will memorialize congress against the bill proposing to raise the beer tax from $1 to $2 a barrel.

The president has signed the act authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Missouri river near Jefferson, Mo.

Switzerland imported 52,200 head of beef cattle during the first nine months of 1894, of which only 236 head came from the United States.

Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry has prepared a bill for introduction in the New York legislature, looking to the restoration of the whipping post in that state.

Emil Solomon, who has been swindling Odd Fellows all over the country, was arrested in Waterbury, Conn. His operation extended from New Orleans, via Louisville, Cleveland, to Philadelphia.

George Frisbie Hoar has been renominated for senator by the Massachusetts Republican caucus. The Democrats have named John E. Russell.

Saturday, Jan. 12.

The walls of the burned Toronto Globe building fell, killing one man.

The report that May Yohe is married to Lord Francis Hope is again revived at London.

One reason of the success with which such gangs as Cook's and others baffle pursuit is a lack of moral sense or fear of the bandits, or both, of the people in the region of the hiding places of the bandits. Deputy United States Marshal Adams says the friends of the thugs are numerous and are continually on the alert and furnish them information concerning the officers' movements.

From Sept. 28, when shipment commenced, to Dec. 31 45,800 head of cattle crossed the Mexican border into the United States.

New Jersey liquor dealers' associations have been called to meet and protest against the proposed increase of the beer tax.

The Japanese have captured Kai Ping after four hours' fighting and the Chinese are again on the move to the rear.

Monday, Jan. 14.

William H. Stillwell, 70 years old and an ex-judge of Gravesend, L. I., was found dead in his apartments in Brooklyn with the gas turned on. Suicide is suspected. Domestic infelicity.

The snow at Elva, Kas., Albion, Ills., and other places in the west was covered with a yellowish brown dirt.

John A. McKenzie, a well-known business man of Duluth, fell from a staircase landing to the floor below in the Spaulding hotel in that city and was killed. The fall was sixty feet.

Nearly 1,500 families are destitute in the mining districts near Nelsonville, O.

It was so cold in the street cars at Louisville during the blizzard that one woman fell unconscious in a car and had to be taken to a drug store to be revived.

The Bank of St. Charles, at St. Charles, Minn., is closed by order of the state bank examiner, and a receiver will probably be appointed.

Old Fort Union in New Mexico, part of General B. F. Butler's estate will be put in good repair by the general's trustees and given to the use of consumptives, free of rent.

Tuesday, Jan. 15.

The late Lemuel Coffin, of Philadelphia gave about $150,000 to charities, of which $50,000 was given to the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia.

When a child dies in Greenland the natives bury a live dog with it, the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world. When questioned with regard to this peculiar superstition they will only answer: "A dog can find his way anywhere."

Ex-Governor A. C. Mellette, of South Dakota, and J. T. McChesney, of New York, who are each on the bond of W. W. Taylor, defaulter, to the sum of $50,000, are at the Great Northern hotel, Chicago, and with them a number of other bondsmen, supposably to confer on what to do about it.

A report comes from New York that Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt will not apply for a divorce, but that she and her husband have agreed to live apart, she to have the care of the children, $3,000,000 in cash and an income of $500,000 for life.

Whole Family Helped

"My husband was troubled with Rheumatism so that he could hardly lift his hand to his head, and also had severe pains in his stomach after eating. Four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured him. Our son was all run down and Hood's Sarsaparilla built him up, and he gained 15 lbs. Our little boy Leon has also been given appetite, weight and strength by the medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of Erysipelas, which I have had for 15 years and which is now entirely driven out of my system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Since taking Hood's I am better in every way."
MRS. H. K. JOHNSON, Lyme Centre, N. H.

Hood's Pills are a mild cathartic. 25c.

A GENUINE LOVE AFFAIR

"Ha!" said Uncle Obed, with his most disagreeable and forbidding air. "So you expect me to pay your debts, do you, sir?"

"I thought that perhaps you would be kind enough to help me," answered his nephew Jim humbly.

"Did you? Then you thought wrong, young man. Do you suppose I have nothing better to do with my money than to squander it on an idle young reprobate like yourself?"

"I admit that I have been—er—what you say in the past, uncle, but I have given it all up now and taken to steady ways. I have, upon my honor, and I believe that if I could once get rid of my debts I should do very well."

"That's the old story," sneered Uncle Obed. "Penitence and reformation when the sinews of self indulgence fail and while the discomforts of debts are pressing. But once set free, with a rehabilitated credit, you'd launch out like a lord. I know you, Jim."

"Upon my word, uncle," replied Jim earnestly, "you wrong me, indeed you do. My one aim and object now is to settle down into a quiet, steady fellow."

"And there's another thing," the old gentleman went on, without noticing his nephew's protest. "What takes you down to Bigham so often, eh?"

"I go down there to play golf," said Jim, coloring, however, under his uncle's scrutinizing gaze.

"A nice occupation for a struggling young barrister to be wasting time and money upon, even if the excuse were true! But it isn't, sir. A girl is at the bottom of your constant journeys to Bigham, and you can't deny it."

"Uncle!"

"Don't 'uncle' me, you reprobate, you silly, philandering young idiot! I always knew you were a fool, but I hardly suspected you of such abject folly as this. To think of running after a penniless girl, a pauper, a poor relation, dependent entirely on her aunt's bounty, and you situated as you are. It's worse than suicide, sir!"

Uncle Obed by this time had grown very red and was evidently working himself up into one of his most violent rages.

"I do not quite know what you have heard or from whom you have heard it," began Jim, nettled by his uncle's overbearing tone, "but"——

"Never mind the buts," the other interrupted him rudely. "It's no use, your trying to throw dust in my eyes. I heard the whole truth only yesterday from Miss Bailey, the young lady's aunt, and with whom she lives as companion. And properly disgusted the aunt is too. Says she shall send the girl away unless she gives up her insane engagement to you. And serves her right. Poor relations have no business to fall in love with one another."

"Look here, Uncle Obed," exclaimed Jim, firing up, "you may pitch into me as much as you please. I'm used to it from you, but not a word against Gladys Boyd. She's everything that's good and true and pure and"——

"Ugly," interposed his uncle, stopping Jim's outbreak. "She has monopolized all the plainness of the family."

"And all their brains," retorted Jim.

"She has none of their money, you idiot!"

"And none of their vulgarity."

Uncle Obed was now very red—indeed almost purple.

"This is a nice tone to assume to your uncle," he said, "especially when you come asking favors from him."

"I can't help it, uncle. It's your fault for abusing Galdys. She's the best and dearest girl in the world. I love her with all my heart, and I mean to marry her."

"How do you propose to marry on nothing a year?" demanded his uncle. "Perhaps you think the girl will get some of her aunt's money. But she won't—not a penny. That I have ascertained."

"No difficult matter," said Jim scornfully. "Miss Bailey never ceases to impress that fact upon all her acquaintances."

"She is quite right, you puppy, in spite of your sneers," retorted Uncle Obed. "In these matters a little present candor saves great future misery. You had better be equally candid with that silly chit of a girl and tell her that your prospects as regards my fortune are, to say the least of it, remote."

"She knows it," answered Jim curtly, too much annoyed now to think of diplomacy. "I told her that when I asked her to marry me."

"Yes; I have no doubt you represented me to her in a pretty light. But you don't suppose I care, do you? Your bad opinion of me is infinitely more flattering than your good, I assure you."

Jim acknowledged the compliment with a sarcastic smile, which made Uncle Obed's red face turn a distinct shade redder.

"This is enough of your impudence," he said angrily. "I will give you my ultimatum without further waste of words. Although you're an idle, worthless fellow who deserves no assistance, yet for your poor mother's sake I should be sorry to see you drift into the workhouse. On that account—and on that account only—I am willing to help you. But I make one condition. You must break off your engagement with that penniless girl, and then I'll pay your debts, set you on your legs and perhaps mention you in my will. If you refuse, you'll not get a farthing from me, either now or hereafter."

"I do refuse," answered Jim unhesitatingly. "I had rather starve than touch your money on such terms."

Uncle Obed's face was a study.

"That is final?" he demanded in an awful voice.

"Quite!"

"Very well. Then clear out of this immediately! I'll never see you or speak to you again! And you may go to the devil as fast as you please!"

"Thank you," said his nephew, bowing himself out. "I'd even do that before I'd give up Gladys Boyd."

A few seconds later he banged the street door behind him, to the great scandalization of his uncle's sleek butler, and hurried away at the rate of five miles an hour in the attempt to walk off his disappointment and indignation.

"Never knew him quite like that before," he muttered to himself as he went. "What has come over him? He used to be rather a decent old boy, though he was always hot tempered and a trifle stingy. But today he was beyond everything. I didn't go the right way to propitiate him perhaps. Only I couldn't stand his saying those things about Gladys! I'm glad I gave him beans for that. I should do just the same again. And as for giving up my darling for his dirty money, I'd rather spend the rest of my natural life filing petitions in bankruptcy. It's a devil of a nuisance all the same, his cutting up so infernally rough. For how I'm ever to appease my creditors, Lord only knows!"

Ten minutes' walk brought him to the lodgings in Bruton street. He there found a telegram awaiting him, which, his landlady told him, had arrived about half an hour before. On opening it and reading its contents, all the ill humor vanished from his face. The message which effected the change was thus:

"Am coming to town today. Meet me Victoria at 2:40. Gladys."

He looked at his watch. It was scarcely 1 o'clock. So there was still ample time for a light luncheon at his club, whither he accordingly repaired.

"By Jove!" he thought to himself as he discussed this meal. "I am glad little Gladys is coming up today! By Jove, I am! She's coming alone evidently, and that is a mercy. I so seldom get a chance of seeing her except in the presence of that female ogre, Miss Bailey. Purse proud, exacting old snob! I wonder how my darling has managed to escape from her this afternoon? She scarcely ever gives the poor child a holiday. Dear little Gladys! What a trump the girlie is. I ain't half good enough for her, by Jove! Give you up for Uncle Obed's gold, my little brown eyes? What do you think, eh?"

With these and such like reflections did Jim Trevor beguile his solitary meal, looking the while as pleased and happy as if he had just inherited a plum. A schoolboy out for a holiday could not have showed a jollier, more beaming face than Jim's. The waiter noted it and thought that, in defiance of regulations, it would mean a tip, wherein he was not deceived. Several of the young man's friends also noted it and came across to rally him.

"Has the uncle stumped up handsome, then?" asked one.

"No, my boy. Refused to part with a brass farthing and kicked me out of the house, with his special commendation to the devil."

"Upon my word," laughed another. "You take the disappointment uncommonly well, Jim, considering how you stand."

"Life's too short to worry over such trifles," said Trevor philosophically, lighting a cigarette.

"By Jove, you've changed your tone since last night. You were glum enough about your affairs then, and that was while you still had hopes from Uncle Obed."

"Yes," said Jim. "I'm like what's his name in what d'ye call it. As long as the life of my hopes was trembling in the balance I fasted and wept, but now that death has supervened I consider it foolish to fret."

He did not tell them the reason of his hilarity. They would only have, to use his own expression, "rotted" him, for they could not be expected to understand a phase of feeling which he scarcely understood himself. What made him fall so utterly in love with Gladys Boyd? She was not pretty—somewhat the reverse. People, indeed, admitted that her bright, expressive eyes quite redeemed her face, but then the very word "redeem" carried with it something uncomplimentary to the rest of her features. Her nose certainly inclined to a snub; her complexion was sallow; her mouth too large to satisfy æsthetic canons. In addition, she was short of stature, and though her figure was trim and graceful as far as it went, it gave you the impression of not going far enough by several inches.

Yet here was Jim Trevor hopelessly in love with her—Jim Trevor, the handsome, dashing youngster who had turned up his nose at a hundred prettier girls and had always chaffed his friends without mercy when they had developed symptoms of what he contemptuously styled "spooners' disease." He was going the pace like a regular young rip, falling into the fastest bachelor pursuits, earning himself a reputation which made dowagers shake their heads and strait laced duenas look earnestly into shop windows when they met him, which caused his name to be snuffled dubiously by Hebrews in dusty offices and his signature to be regarded as an old friend by the secretaries of assurance companies. Then in the middle of it all, while the fun was still hot and the pleasure still sweet, he was pulled up short, converted, reformed, revolutionized. And by what?

By the brown eyes of a demure little puss, who had scarcely a personal attraction and absolutely not a shilling to bless herself with. It was, as Jim himself had phrased it, "the rummiest go alive." He couldn't explain it. He simply accepted it, conscious that it was by far the most elevating sensation he had ever experienced, and that—"'pon my word it did, by Jove!"—it gave his past pleasures such a sickening taste that he chucked them one and all from sheer disgust.

He reached Victoria in plenty of time and had been standing on the arrival platform quite 10 minutes when the train steamed in. He soon caught sight of Gladys, who thrust her head out of the window of a third class carriage, and hurried forward to greet her. As he held her hand and looked down into her uplifted eyes he detected traces of tears. "What was the matter?" he wondered. He was not long left in ignorance.

"We must see about my luggage first, Jim," she said. "It is in the van next the engine."

"Your luggage, Gladdie? Are you coming to stay in town, then?"

"Yes, I—I have left Aunt Louisa, Jim."

"Left Aunt Louisa!" he ejaculated. "How is that?"

"I should like to go for a walk with you, Jim, and tell you all about it, but, first of all, let us put my luggage in the cloakroom. I must leave it there until—until I know where it is to be sent."

This task was soon completed, with the assistance of a suave porter, who took Jim's shilling with the affected abstraction characteristic of his order. Then the two set out from the station and turned down one of the quieter streets. As they walked, Gladys told her tale.

"It was only this morning, Jim," she said, "that Aunt Louisa asked me point blank whether or not I was engaged to you. I told her that I was, and you can't think how furious she became. She said all kinds of furious things about us both—told me that if I married you your uncle would cut you off with a shilling, and that she had no idea of helping us—as if I had ever asked her—and that I must either break off my engagement with you immediately or leave the shelter of her roof forever. I—I chose the latter alternative, Jim, and here I am, you see."

"My darling!" he said fondly, pressing the little hand that lay upon his coatsleeve. "Do you know I have had much the same interview with Uncle Obed this morning. He ordered me to give you up or abandon all hope of help from him. I gave him beans for his insulting proposition and left the house under the ban of his avuncular curse, and here I am, you see."

"But what shall you do, Jim?"

"Don't know. Suppose I shall knock along somehow. A man can always fend for himself. It is you whom we must think about. What shall you do, Gladdie?"

"I have some great friends living in Thurloe square—the Greenaways. You know them, don't you? I shall go up and see them and ask them to put me up for a short time, and then, of course, I must look out at once for something to do. Perhaps I could get a situation as governess, or a lady clerkship, or"——

"Don't, Gladdie! I can't bear to think of such a thing for you. I—I—say (Jim's color heightened, and his eye sparkled with the sudden brilliancy of a fine idea), I—I—say, Gladdie, we—we—could face this wretched world better in—in—company, couldn't we? Why—why shouldn't we be married at once?"

"Oh, Jim"—what a rosy color suffused the brown little face—"it is impossible!"

"No such thing, Gladdie. We need only wait a week or two to comply with the legal formalities and then goody forever to all attempts to sever us. Won't you—won't you consent?"

Jim was very persuasive, and Gladys was very lonely, and love was very strong. And somehow between the three it was practically settled by the time they reached Thurloe square. The awful imprudence, the desperate fatuity of this sudden step, which good, motherly Mrs. Greenaway tried to impress upon them both, they simply lost sight of in their ridiculously childish happiness. And that tender hearted matron, after scolding them both soundly for their folly and prophesying the most miserable results from so rash a marriage, enforced her lesson by offering Gadys a temporary home and permission to be married from Thurloe square, if she really was bent upon that insane step.

"It would look very bad for you, my dear, circumstanced as you are, to be married from lodgings or a hotel," Mrs. Greenaway said. "And though I am strongly opposed to this most imprudent union, yet if it is to take place, as you both seem obstinately determined, I should like to see it celebrated in a respectable way."

The good lady further insisted upon one condition, which both Jim and Gladys willingly accepted. This was that each should write, the one to his uncle, the other to the aunt, apprising them of the intended marriage. She impressed upon them—even these foolish young people saw the wisdom of her remarks—that any appearance of secrecy in the matter would be the worst possible thing for them, and that moreover it would be entirely useless, since they were both of age, and no one could possibly stop their marrying. Therefore, on all accounts, the less concealment the better.

So Jim wrote to Uncle Obed and actually had the nerve to ask him to the wedding, while Gladys wrote to Aunt Louisa a tender, loving little letter which might have moved an ogress. No reply, however, was vouchsafed to either missive.

The time soon slipped away, and the day of the wedding—the earliest possible date allowed by law—arrived. The marriage was to be solemnized early—at 10 o'clock—and very quietly, no one being invited except the Greenaway family and a friend of Jim's to act as best man. Mr. Greenaway undertook the empty formality of giving away the bride, who was to be married in a simple traveling dress, and immediately after the ceremony the happy couple were to proceed to Victoria, en route for Brighton, where they proposed to spend a week's honeymoon—the needful for which was one of kind Mrs. Greenaway's wedding presents—before returning to the cares of a penniless existence.

Jim and his best man were the first to arrive at the church. While they were waiting in the vestry, the window of which overlooked the approach through the churchyard, Jim's friend, watching for the first signs of the bridal party, gave vent to a sudden exclamation:

"Hello, who's this spruce old Johnny in the white waistcoat?"

Jim started and turned pale.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "It's my Uncle Obed. He has accepted my invitation, after all, then. I hope to goodness he does not mean to make a useless disturbance."

Before he had time to say much more Uncle Obed, very smartly attired, his white waistcoat contrasting strongly with his red face, walked into the vestry.

"Ha, you reprobate!" he cried, scowling at his nephew. "I have come to witness the consummation of your ruin, you see."

"You are very kind, I am sure, uncle," answered Jim, holding out his hand, with all the cordiality of excessive happiness.

Uncle Obed suddenly changed his tone.

"Look here, my lad," said he. "There's not much time for explanations. The brides will be here in a minute, and we must be moving up to the altar. I may just say this, however: Blood is thicker than water, you rogue, and love's a divine thing, after all. And to show that there's no ill feeling and that it is all comfortably settled we have arranged a joint wedding, in which Miss Bailey and I have agreed to assist."

"You—you are going to be married, uncle?" cried Jim in amazement.

"And why the devil not, sir? If I'm an ass, so are you. And if, as I'm inclined to think, we are both playing the d——d idiot the old fool will help to keep the young fool in countenance."

With these words Uncle Obed caught his astonished nephew by the arm and led him away to the altar. Only just in time, for they had scarcely taken their places when the brides and their following entered the church. And so it fell out that the rich and the poor relations were all turned off together.

"Nothing like testing you young lovers," said Uncle Obed in the course of a subsequent interview with Jim. "You were both—pardon my saying so—a trifle green, and had it been known that either of you was heir to a fortune you would have been marked out as a safe prey by matrimonial speculators. Then you went and got engaged to one another. We elders were both delighted at the upshot of events, but we thought we would just satisfy ourselves that it was a genuine love affair, and so, my dear boy, we have."—London Truth.

Jerrold's Epigrams.

Douglas Jerrold was fond of epigrammatic sayings, as the following will show:

"That scoundrel, sir!" said Jerrold. "Why, he'd sharpen a knife upon his father's tombstone to kill his mother!"

Of a mistaken philanthropist he said he was "so benevolent, so merciful a man he would have held an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain."

Again, "Ask a woman to a tea party in the Garden of Eden and she would draw up her eyelids and scream, "'I can't go without a new gown.'"

"Commentators," said Jerrold, "are worthy folks who too often write on books as men write with diamonds on glass—obscuring light with scratches."

He said to an ardent young gentleman who burned with a desire to see himself in print, "Be advised by me, young man, don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window."

His Reward.

A member of the house who was defeated for a renomination explained to a number of his associates what had caused his downfall. He said one town in his district had 20 voters, and there were 13 persons in the town who wanted him to appoint them to a $50 place in one of the departments in Washington. This one place was all he could get for the town. He gave it to one of the 13, and the remaining dozen turned loose on him in the primaries. This ratio held good in other parts of the district, and when the convention was called to nominate a candidate the only friends he had were those whom he had appointed, and as they were in Washington his enemies carried the day.—Washington Post.

Nature Pursues a Liar.

"The forces of the universe are in league against a lie," says Emerson, and what his terse, penetrating pen would find to say where the lying involves perhaps mortal danger to human beings we will not presume to say, but will illustrate our meaning as follows: In December, 1887, a child that had died in Connecticut of diphtheria was brought to Pittsfield, Mass., for burial. The parents came with the body to a house in Pittsfield, and a public funeral was held. Within a week and while the parents of the child still remained as visitors at the house a child who lived in the house was taken ill with diphtheria and died. Then came a humiliating confession from the Connecticut parents. They said that the symptoms of the second child were just like those of their own and finally acknowledged that arrangements had been made with the physician in attendance upon the case to write a certificate of death by bronchitis instead of diphtheria. Other cases followed in the same house. —Philadelphia Press.

British Cart Horses.

The British cart horse's descent can be traced from the great horse originally imported from Flanders and Lombardy, but much improved since those days by judicious crossing and careful selection of parents. The Stuarts first introduced quality, but size was wanting, for when William III ascended the throne and sought to drain the Lincolnshire fens he found that the British cart horse of this date was not strong enough for the tasks imposed upon him. Consequently he imported large Dutch horses, the old Lincolnshire Blacks.

The Dukes of Ancaster also brought over to this country similar breeds from Holland. This was the first step of any note which gave an impetus for the improvement of our coarser equine stock and formed the main root from which our cart horses have proceeded.—Nineteenth Century.

A LITTLE THING.

Such a little thing hides the sun, sweetheart,
Such a little thing hides the sun,
A sudden cloud or a wall of mist,
And we moan "The day is done!"
Such a little thing hides the sun, sweetheart,
The top of waving tree,
A summer shower, of the sunshine born,
A mist that dips in the sea.

Such a little thing hides the sun, sweetheart,
But isn't it joy to know
That the sun still shines behind the clouds;
That the soft, warm winds will blow
Till the wall of mist shall be blown aside
And the shadows flee away,
And the sun behind the western hills
Gives pledge of a brighter day!
—Florence A. Jones in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

KID GLOVES.

Interesting Facts About the Skins Which Cover or Adorn the Hands.

Barefooted boys and hens form a curious partnership in the making of a pair of fine gloves.

They work together in preparing the skins for the hands of the fashionable woman who rushes to the stores every time a new shade of glove is announced.

Thousands of dozens of hens' eggs are used in curing the hides, and thousands of boys are employed to work the skins in clear water by treading on them for several hours.

When a woman buys a pair of gloves, she speaks of her purchase as "kids." If the clerk who sold her the "kid" gloves knew the secrets of the glove-making business, he might surprise his fair customer by telling her that those beautiful, soft, smooth fitting "kid" gloves came from the shoulders and belly of a 3-weeks-old colt whose neck was slit on the plains of Russia, and whose tender hide was shipped with huge bundles of other colts' hides to France, where they were made up into "kid" gloves, or he might with equal regard to the truth tell her that those gloves in the other compartment once darted from tree to tree in South America on the back of a ring tailed monkey. And if he made the rounds of the store and could distinguish one skin from another he could point out "kid" gloves made from the skins of kangaroos from Australia; lambs or sheep from Ohio or Spain or England; calves from India, muskrats from anywhere, musk oxen from China and other parts of Asia; rats, cats and Newfoundland puppies.

But the little Russian colt, the four footed baby from the plains where the Cossacks live, the colt from the steppes of Siberia, where horses are raised by the thousand, supply the skins which are the favorites at present with the glovemakers. Experts say that the colt-skin makes a better, stronger, finer glove than real kidskin, and as the colt is a little fellow only 3 weeks old when he is killed but a small amount of skin can be made into gloves, so that the price is about as high.

But, after all, the real kid, the lively infant of the goats which live in France, Switzerland, Spain and Italy, furnishes the best, finest and most expensive gloves, and nearly 10,000,000 kids are sacrificed every year in order that women and men may cramp their hands in wrinkleless, delicate hued gloves.—Chicago Record.

Klotschiessen—What Is It?

Under the title of "A Game We Might Play," the Marquis of Lorne in Good Words puts in a plea for an open air winter pastime in the low countries of northern Europe which has for centuries enjoyed a sort of national reputation. It is a rough sort of golf, played without clubs or holes, is inexpensive and can be played by two single opponents or with two on a side. The article contains a very picturesque description of a match between two villages in Friesland, at which the writer was present, and conveys a striking impression of the popularity of the game and of the spirited emulation which it awakens. It is pointed out that in England there are many districts, especially in the east of the island, which are peculiarly well adapted to the game, there being in these parts much flat land where winter makes the ground hard. Wherever these conditions exist, there, we are told, the "klotschiessen," or "clotshot" game can be played with advantage.—London News.

Dabster Misunderstood.

Figg—What kind of a writer is Dabster? Is he possessed of descriptive powers?

Fogg—Unfortunately, yes.

Figg—Unfortunately?

Fogg—Yes. In his recent sketch of a western girl he spoke of her commercial traveler manner and her generous understanding. The Chicago people allowed that the "commercial traveler manner" was a compliment of which anybody except in the effete east might well be proud, but they suspected that the other characterization was a cheap fling at the size of women's shoes, and after that his writings were a drug in the western market—Boston Transcript.

Wholesale Elopement.

At Delnicze, near Flume, on the Adriatic, 26 girls were carried off on horseback in one night recently by lovers to whom their parents had refused to give them. It is not uncommon for Croatian girls to force consent to their marriage by an elopement, but an organized raid like this is unprecedented and has made a sensation even in Croatia.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No Doubt About It.

Jack—Great crush at the De Myllions' ball last night.

Augustus (who had proposed there to Miss de Myllions and been rejected)—A tremendous crush.—New York Times.

He who unintelligently attempts what is beyond his power must leave undone his own proper work, and thus his time is wasted, be he ever so closely occupied.

Lake Huron was named from the Hurons, an Indian tribe on its shores.

Certain parts of the hippopotamus' hide attain a thickness of two inches.

BIG WARS CAUSED BY TRIFLES.

A Shaven Chin Cost France Three Million Lives—Modena's Bucket.

Many times it has happened that a great and costly war has been brought about by an incident trivial and even ridiculous.

Thus the war of the Spanish succession is said to have been caused through a glass of water. A lady, Mrs. Masham, was carrying a glass of water when she was obstructed by the Marquis de Torey. A slight scuffle ensued, and the water was spilled.

The marquis thereat took offense, and bad feeling ensued between the English and French courts, with the ultimate result that a war was declared.

The campaign cost France many severe battles—viz, Blenheim, 1704; Ramillies, 1707; Audenarde, 1708, and Malplaquet, 1709.

Quite as absurd in its origin was the war that took place during the commonwealth of Modena.

A soldier stole a bucket from a public well belonging to the state of Bologna. Although the value of the article did not exceed a quarter, its annexation was the signal for a fierce and prolonged war.

Henry, the king of Sardinia, assisted the Modenese to retain the bucket, and in one of the subsequent battles he was made a prisoner. The bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral of Modena.

A third instance of a war resulting from a trifling cause was that between Louis VII of France and Henry II of England.

The archbishop of Ronen decreed that no one should wear long hair upon their heads or chins. Louis submitted to the decree, whereupon his wife, Eleanor, rallied him upon his appearance. A quarrel ensued, which resulted in the dissolution of the marriage and Eleanor's marriage with Henry.

By this marriage the broad domains in Normandy formerly belonging to Louis passed into the possession of Henry. Louis, hotly incensed, made an attack on Normandy, and henceforth, for nearly 300 years, arose those bloody and devastating wars which cost France upward of 3,000,000 of lives.—London Answers.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

The Great Papal Statesman as He Appeared to a Painter.

Rudolph Lehmann's visit to Rome in 1857 led to the painter's introduction to the great papal statesman, Cardinal Antonelli. He says:

Before me sat that execrated statesman, "the best hated man in Rome," in the most affable of moods. His bronzed and somewhat oriental features were certainly far from handsome, but they were full of character, energy, and, according to some, cruelty, with the large, dark, piercing eyes overshadowed by a heavy brow, the strong aquiline nose and the full sensual lips. He was in a talkative mood and spoke freely of the difficulties that beset his onerous ministry, of the position of the papacy becoming daily more threatened through the ever increasing energy of its wicked enemies, or what he called "the modern spirits." "But," he added, "history teaches us that it has always triumphed in the long run, and it will do so now." He also told me that the worldly interests of the brothers Antonelli had never been separated; that they possessed all their worldly goods in common, one brother being director of the Banca Romana; one, the Conte Gregorio, taking care of their vast possessions in the Pontine marshes, a third being syndaco of Rome and the youngest being employed in diplomatic missions by the secretary of state.

During a short rest he showed me, with evident pride, over his elegant apartment, furnished with all the latest modern comforts. But the crowning climax was the bedroom, combining with the solemnity and mystery of the abode of a prince of the church all the luxuries of the boudoir of a petite maitresse. The walls, the curtains, as well as the hangings round the spacious four poster, were of the heaviest crimson damask, looped up with enormous tassels.—Boston Herald.

The Beauties of the Alleghanies.

The Alleghanies are fertile to the very summits, and not the least of their glories are their magnificent forests of oak, hickory, chestnut, maple, pine and other noble trees, in the spring when they are budding forth, in the summer when they are in the full bloom of maturity and when the laurel is in blossom, and in the fall, when the brilliant tints of red and gold and green and purple overwhelm one with a sense of Mother Nature's æsthetic genius in always harmonizing such a profusion of colors.

After all, it is the thoroughly satisfactory sport to be had with the game sheltered in these mountains that most endears them to the man who has any taste whatever for that sort of thing. The conditions are perfect. The game ranges from quail, or, as the Virginians call it, partridge, to deer and bear, and especially this is one of the last strongholds of that noble game bird, the wild turkey.—Magazine of Travel.

The Nonprofessional Profile Head.

"I don know how many times I have seen people—I don't mean artists, but all sorts of people, including children—draw profile heads. It is common enough for anybody to draw them on a slate, a scrap of paper, anywhere," said Mr. Billtops, "but I don't remember ever to have seen any of them draw a right handed profile—I mean one facing to the right. I suppose there is some very simple reason for this, but I am acquainted only with the fact."—New York Sun.

A Bad Break.

"You brought all that beautiful china back with you?" exclaimed the caller. "Didn't you break anything?"

"Nothing but the customs laws," replied the young lady, who had just returned from Europe.—Washington Star.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 19, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Mr. John Drew.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Oliver Twist."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The New Black Crook."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"The London Gaiety Girl."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"1492."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hallen & Hart, "Later On."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Sandow, and Trocadero Vaudevilles.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Dazzler."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—James K. Wallick.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

OUR PREMIUM OFFERS.

Through an oversight, THE CITIZEN'S list of premium offers was not printed in the issue of the 12th inst., but will be found in this number on the 5th page. It is rarely that so fine a list of books is offered to those who have the energy to exert themselves ever so slightly in a good canse. It is a common reproach among the enemies of our race, and some who are not our enemies as well, that "the Irish people are not a reading people." This is only true in part. Circumstances the most untoward, operating for centuries, certainly kept the old Irish race backward in the strife of intellect and achievement in Ireland, until within the last five and sixty years, but, since 1829, what educational progress has been made! There is, today, a revival of literary spirit in nearly every quarter of Ireland.

In this great country, there is no excuse whatever for Irish backwardness in art or literature, for here we enjoy, and have enjoyed since the foundation of the Republic, every advantage of a free people. Modern enterprise has placed within the reach of all of us, mediums of higher education, at moderate cost, that our fathers and mothors, no matter how fortunately situated, did not enjoy. The list of premiums offered by THE CITIZEN is therefore worthy of consideration by all, and we hope that general and immediate advantage will be taken of its liberality in this respect.

In order to meet the broad conditions of American citizenship, we have not confined our list of premiums to Irish publications alone. We also offer those that will render such of our readers as are ambitious of a wider knowledge, familiar with the scenes, habits and customs of all nations of the globe. We further offer works of instruction and entertainment, as well as articles of usefulness, embracing the interests and necessitities of the inhabitants of both town and country. No patriotic Irish-American household ought to be destitute of that magnificent work "Picturesque Ireland," which makes the land of saints and heroes realistically familiar to even those who have never seen its shores, and revives in those who have, scenes and memories which they would wish to be immortal.

No well regulated home should be without Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which contains the condensed knowledge of all the ages, and familiarity with which makes every student of the work a scholar.

Look at the circular notice on the fifth page, select the premium, or premiums, you desire and go to work to win.

THE BRITISH GARRISONS.

The population of Scotland is fast closing up to that of Ireland. While the former continues to grow, the latter continues to diminish. Yet only 3,800 British soldiers are garrisoned in Auld Scotia, which has completely merged her ancient and gallant nationality in that of her ancient enemy; while Ireland needs 26,000 regulars, not to mention 20,000 militia, 13,000 armed constables and about 5,000 coast guards and other armed servants of the crown to keep her in subjection. It is true the militia are not constantly under arms, but they are kept ready for any emergency, especially in the Orange counties. This great armed force, maintained in Ireland in times of peace, is centainly an indirect compliment to the warlike spirit of the vanquished nation. Besides, there are within a few hours' call, in England and Wales, nearly 78,000 additional regulars—garrisons being always welcome in the smaller cities of those countries, because they bring trade to the merchants, and make things generally lively for the inhabitants of any burgh in which they are quartered. Of the other British regular troops nearly 38,000 are in the colonies and Egypt, and 78,000 in India and Burmah. Egypt still requires more than 5,000 troops of all kinds, and, in the Mediterranean, Malta has a garrison of 8,500 and Gibraltar one of nearly 5,000. Hong Kong has a force of about 3,500 and South Africa about 3,500 of the imperial troops. Canada has the services of about 1,500 British soldiers only.

THE HOME RULE SLOUGH OF DESPOND

The Tuam *Herald*—one of the best written and most spirited of the Irish provincial papers—in its New Year's issue, has an able review of the existing Irish situation, and seems to have a clear knowledge of the status of Irish National feeling in the United States toward the so-called home rule movement. In its review the *Herald* says:

"Calmly and dispassionately reviewing the situation, making every reasonable allowance for party exigencies, and for human agency with its imperfections and insufficiencies, we cannot feel sincere satisfaction with the progress of events in the past twelve months, nor on the other hand can we find reasons for indulging in great fear or much misgiving for the future. True it is that home rule is not where it was even a year ago, nor, we might add, what it was then. It would be idle to shut one's eyes and ears to no uncertain sounds of compromise which are thick and fast crowding in upon us from many influential quarters.

"The cause of Irish autonomy has lost a valuable aid in the withdrawal of two great personalities from the political arena, and we do not think it will be found to survive the loss of Parnell and Gladstone. These two men concentrated towards its attainment, two forces which are at present changed from it, namely American Fenianism and English Radicalism, now lukewarm, if not positively neutral in the cause. There is no name now in Irish politics to focus and represent that great factor in the past success of the movement, and for the first time for twelve years Irish agitation pursues its course without the inspiration and strength of trans-Atlantic men and money. It remains to be seen if this is not depriving it of all its vitality and vigor, and if, instead of being as it was, a movement extending to two continents and employing two peoples, it has not degenerated, and confined its range to a restricted area of the old land and a section of the native population.

"In our opinion the withdrawal of this potent and impressive element of strength from America is the excision of the backbone from the Irish movement. All said and done it was American determination and American dollars that made the Irish uprising anything more respectable than a merely provincial demonstration, and until the policy that kept home rule to the firm front and refused to let it take a back seat, is again in the ascendant, very little effective results can be expected. The English people are practical and revere strength while they despise weakness and their present attitude towards home rule is consequently fast becoming one of complacent and good humored indifference. Legislatively, the past year has been a sad blank, perhaps because of the causes we refer to."

It is our deliberate opinion that the record of the year 1895 will be an equally "sad blank" in the Irish movement, if it confines itself to reliance on the hopelessly bursted Parliamentary party. There is not a man in that party, whatever his natural or acquired ability, who can command an effective vote on a measure vital to Ireland. If, tomorrow, both sections, or the sections within sections, of the party were to unite under any one of the three ablest men in their ranks, John Redmond, Timothy Healy and Thomas Sexton, they could accomplish nothing, because their moral influence is gone, and, with it, all that could give hope to the "moral force" movement. The spectacle of factious animosity presented for the last three years in and out of the Irish press has not alone disgusted but absolutely alienated most of the American Irish from the unfortunate home rule cause. They are beginning, and with good sense, to look to other men and measures for the accomplishment of Irish self-gouernment: and we do not believe they can ever again be got to support the ignis fatuus of parliamentary agitation. The "Irish Party" has outlived its usefulness. The best thing it can do is to dissolve, and if Ireland must still play at bringing England to terms, by "moral force" methods, elect an entirely new set of men to assist the English in governing Ireland at Westminster.

THE FRENCH CRISIS.

France is in the throes of another political crisis. In the face of danger, Casimir-Perier, president of the Republic, has resigned, thus throwing the country temporarily into chaos. It is probable that his successor will be M. Dupuy, recent premier, a man of grit, like the late admirable President Carnot or some man of equal courage. Encouraged by the situation of affairs, some of the royalist deputies, after having heard read M. Perier's weak letter of resignation, shouted *Vive le Roi!* Great confusion followed. The National Assembly was called to meet Thursday at Versailles. No doubt the Orleanists will try to take advantage of existing conditions, which may have been fostered by their supporters in France, but we have great faith that the Republic will survive all the malice of its enemies, and the timidity of its friends. France holds the torch of human liberty aloft in Europe, and the puny hand of the boy Duke of Orleans will not be able to snatch it from the grasp of the people. It is reported that Orlenns has left his London residence for Dover, in order to keep an eye on the proceedings at Versailles. If he values his head he will avoid appearing on French soil. The same applies to Victor Napoleon. France has had enough of reactionary Bourbons and degenerate Bonapartes.

LATER:—Paris, Jan. 17.—M. Felix Faure was elected president of the French Republic this evening. M. Brisson was the leader at the start, but a combination against him resulted in defeat. The following was the decisive vote—the second ballot: M. Felix Faure. 430; M. Henri Brisson, 361. Scenes most violent characterized the proceedings. Socialists were wild with rage and made the assembly hall at Versailles resound with their yells.

MORE ABOUT THE YELLOW TERRIERS.

In the course of an effective article on "Scotch-Irish Nonsense" in its issue of the 12th inst., the *Irish World*, answering a correspondent, James Casey, Worcester, Mass., says:

"The wealth of Protestant Ulster' and the 'poverty of the three Catholic provinces' have become a hackneyed theme with men who shoot off their mouths after the style of Rev. John Hall. If the fact were as he states it to be it would be no wonder, although even then a sense of shame (to say nothing of regard for God's violated commandments) ought to seal the lips of a professed preacher of the Gospel from boasting in the matter. The Protestants who went to Ireland went thither to rob the Catholics, and the Irish Catholics who became Protestants changed their religion solely in order to save their property. Every man who knows anything of Irish history will require no proof to support this statement. During the penal days, indeed, 'Protestant Ulster' was richer than all Catholic Ireland put together, but today it is not so. Ulster is not now the richest of the provinces even. But if it were otherwise, while it would be the misfortune of the Catholic Irish, it would be the shame of the Scotch-Irish, if they had a regard for decency they would refrain from glorying in their shame.

"The question Mr. Casey puts, 'Why is it they all come from Ireland?' is a significant question. It is not to Ireland, the fatherland of Montgomery, and of so many other heroes of the American Revolution, but to Scotland—or rather to their Scotch blood—men like the Rev. Mr. Hall wish to give credit. 'But why is it they all come from Ireland?' Why is it that Scotland did not send of her own sons, born on her soil, men as devoted to liberty as were the heroes named? Is not this everlasting glorification of the Scotch-Irishmen named, in the War of Independence, and the almost utter absence of any notable Scotchman in it, a sort of recognition that a man of Scotch blood is the better for having been born in Ireland, drank in her air and communed with her sons? The so-called Scotch-Irish Americans of a century ago were proud of Ireland. They called themselves Irishmen—never Scotch-Irish—and if it were permitted them to revisit this world again, they would repudiate the bigots who would glorify them while detracting from the Irish name.

"The Orangeman, or Scotch-Irishman, is a nuisance that ought to be abated. The Scotchman is all right, but the Scotch-Irishman is all wrong. The late Dr. McCosh, who rather sympathized with the Scotch-Irishman, tried to define him, but failed. 'He is not Irish,' said he, 'he is not Scotch, nor yet is he English.' What, then, is he? He is a monstrosity in the world of men. Some twenty-five years ago Edward Everett Hale wrote a story in the *Atlantic Monthly* entitled 'The Man Without a Country.' That is the Scotch-Irishman. Every other man has a country and loves his country, but here is a creature who hates the land of his birth and loves only her enemies! Of such material do they make A. P. A.s in the United States."

THE BURNS ANNIVERSARY.

The Scottish-Americans of Chicago will celebrate the 136th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns at the Auditorium on the evening of the 26th inst. The great Scotch poet belongs to humanity, for he possessed an expanded mind and a heart formed to feel for all God's creatures in suffering. He was the born enemy of cruelty in every form, and was the first of the British poets to proclaim, in immortal verse, the equality of mankind before the Creator. "A Man's a Man for a' That," means more than the Marseillaise Hymn, and preaches the true principles of humanity. Unlike his great countryman, Sir Walter Scott, he always loved the theory of popular government, and had he not been afflicted by that persistent follower of most great geniuses, poverty, would have been, most likely, one of the world's greatest political reformers. Poverty compelled him to accept a government position, but could not make him sell his soul or surrender his sterling manhood. He was emphatically a Scotch patriot—a Nationalist, as we put it—who lamented the downfall of his grand old country and despised her foes, both domestic and foreign. Was there ever more gall put into the same space as in the poem "Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation," in which he lashed the Scotch Fitzgibbons and Castlereaghs who sold the independence of Scotland for a few cart loads of English gold? No such martial lyric was written, before or since, as his magnificent

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

In celebrating the natal anniversary of this great man, the Scottish Assembly of Chicago are doing a most praiseworthy action, and we have no doubt that their fellow citizens of other elements will materially aid them. A friend of ours suggests, however, that the Assembly, on the programmes of the coming event, should have printed with the Stars and Stripes, the Scotch National flag, which bears the Red Lion. Instead, we are sorry to say, they flaunt the abominable Union Jack, which always reminds us of the gashes cut on the backs of both Scotland and Ireland by the British knout. Why cannot the Scotch be Scotch, like Burns? They are not Britons or Saxons, but Gaels. Burns was a Gael, as every line of his splendid poetry bears witness to. It is a weakness of the otherwise strong Scottish character that it takes an unnatural pride in British provincialism. The Scotch are inconsistent in honoring a Scottish Nationalist, when they are not Nationalists themselves.

Alas, that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell,
Or Scottish minstrel tune the string,
The triumph of his foes to tell!

IRELAND AS A HEALTH RESORT.

The recent death of Nicholas Savin—said to be one of the last survivors of Napoleon's Grand Army that invaded Russia in 1812—who was born in 1768, has called public attention to the fact that biblical limitation of human life to three score years and ten does not always hold good, even in these alleged degenerate days. M. Savin was captured by the Russians at the famous passage of the Beresina, where 30,000 French lives were lost by the destruction of the pontoon bridges under the fire of the Russian artillery, and he had previously fought at Ulm, Austerlitz, all through Spain, and at Wagram, Smolensko and Borodino, enduring all the hardships attendant on campaign life in the hardest worked army the world has ever known. M. Savin met his fate in Russia, and, after being exchanged, when Napoleon concluded the armistice at Dresden, and the long peace came, returned to the frozen North, and married his Muscovite fiancee. It is not stated that he was temperate or the reverse, but, being a Frenchman, it is probable he was in the former classification. But, whatever were his habits, fancy the lapse of time since this patriarch first saw the light! This man, who died last month, was a year old when Napoleon and Wellington were born! George III reigned in England and America; the "Sword of Bunker Hill" was not yet forged. Frederick the Great ruled over Prussia and Louis XV pursued his frivolities at Versailles, unmindful of smallpox, which, six years later, ended his life; and of the revolution which when he was moldering in the grave, swept the golden lilies from the flag of France, and planted in their stead "the rainbow of the free." He had seen "Borodino's blood," heard "Beresina's wail" and participated in—

"That terrible retreat which turned
Old history pale."

But the late Franco-Russian phenomenon did not have a monopoly of patriarchal years. The London, Eng., *Daily News* recently made up statistics of the average duration of human life from its obituary columns, and showed that out of 7,124 deaths published in its columns, 2,821 lived to be 70 years old and upwards; and the average being, for this number, 79.49 years. Nine persons exceeded the century mark. "Ireland supplied an extraordinarily large percentage of centenarians. In July there died near Midleton a widow named Ellen Roche, whose age was 115 years. At the time of her death she had a daughter living with her aged 85 years, and she was said to have been for many years of her life, and almost up to the day of her death, an inveterate smoker and snuff-taker. Early in September there also died at Ballylongane, near Midleton, an old man named John Barry, whose reputed age was 122 years. His daily occupation was in the sporting field, attending on gentlemen who went out fowling, and he retained a good appetite, sound health, and the possession of his mental faculties almost to the last. He was a most absteminous man with respect to intoxicants, but smoked a good deal. A third centenarian for the Midleton district, who succumbed during the year, was Patrick Daly, of Clonmult, whose age was given as 105, and who, within six months of his decease, was at work upon his farm. Yet a fourth was Mrs. Margaret McCarthy, who resided at East Ferry, hard by Midleton, and who died in her 103d year from an attack of influenza. On Sept. 14 Margaret Cowley died near Skibbereen aged 107, and on Dec. 12 Mary Brien, whose age was given as 100, and who said she had a vivid recollection of the landing of the French at Killala, died at Goutspark, near Ballintober. Anather instance of exceptional longevity in Ireland was furnished in the case of John Byrne, of Glascar, county Down, whose death at the age of 100 was recorded Christmas week. He had lived all his life at Glascar, where he had a farm, had brought up a large family, and was able to walk about till within a few days of his death."

Alluding to the statistics of the *Daily News*, the Waterford *Citizen* of Jan. 2 says: "Probably there is no place in Ireland, or for that matter in the world, whether for its size, population, or circumstances, that can beat the record for longevity equal to Tramore. At present there is a man named Martin Fitzgerald residing there whose age is 107; up to about twelve months ago he was constantly moving about, since then, however, he has been obliged to keep to his bed. He often remarks that he'd 'be all right only for his legs,' as they refuse to carry him. He was born at Ballylaneen, on March 17, 1788. A woman named Kennedy, residing on Priests' Road, is now 105, and some time ago a man, who is a bit of a wag, proposed to strike up a match between herself and Fitzgerald. However, the banns were not published, as it was thought the union of these juveniles might be too much of a youthful indiscretion. There is also a man named Maher, residing in Moonvoy, close to Tramore, who is in his 101st year; while a man named Phelan, a resident in Market street, who is also verging up to the century, but, poor man, he has lost his sight. Otherwise, however, he enjoys good health. There are many other 'youths' of both sexes whose ages of 75 to 85 years rest very light on them. These facts should prove a great advertisement for residence in Tramore.'.

At this rate Ireland will soon be known as the Island of Patriarchs, and people who wish to live long will flock there, instead of to Italy, the Tyrol or California. Probably if the late Messrs. Flood, O'Brien and Fair, Irish argonauts of California, had remained in the land of their birth, they might have lived far into the next century, although they could never have become millionaires. Life in Ireland, when the people are at all comfortable, is as tranquil as a midsummer night's dream, while here, whether men are well or ill off, it is one constant rush at high pressure. Three fourths of our American business men die, or else are physically used up, about the age of 55, and this applies to foreign as well as native born citizens.

ALD. MADDEN'S GOOD FORTUNE.

Ald. M. B. Madden was elected president of the Western Stone Company on Wednesday, succeeding Mr. B. J. Moore, who retires from the active control of the concern. The company is the largest of the kind in the country, and Mr. Madden was elected by a vote of Stockholders representing $2,250,000 worth of stock. Following are the directors of the company, as reorganized: Charles Hutchinson, Charles H. Wacker, Louis C. Huck, A. M. Day, Frederick T. Haskell, C. B. Kimball, Martin B. Madden, George H. Munroe, T. J. Lefens, James L. Norton and John H. Dwight. The only change made in the board of directors was the election of ex-Senator George H. Munroe to succeed B. J. Moore. Half an hour later the directors met and chose the following officers for the ensuing year: President, M. B. Madden; vice-president, C. B. Kimball; secretary, Joseph E. Lindquist; treasurer, Frederick T. Haskell.

Mr. Madden's promotion from grade to grade in the company is an exemplification of the fortune that waits upon energy, enterprise and worth in America. "Twenty years ago," says the *Evening Post* of Wednesday, "he was a laborer employed in the quarries of one of the concerns named above to carry the tools of more skilful workmen. He learned the business from bottom to top, and is now said to be paid a salary of $15,000 per annum for conducting the affairs of the company. He was 20 years of age when he entered the quarries at Lemont. Within eleven years he was promoted to draughtsman, chief draughtsman, bookkeeper and paymaster, and then he accepted the position of general superintendent of the Enterprise Stone Co., where he remained six years. The qualities that led his colleagues in the city council to elect him chairman of the finance committee induced the Consolidated Stone Company to engage him as financial manager, and after filling that position for some time he went into business for himself. The Joliet Stone Co. elected him vice-president, and when the concern was combined with the Crescent Company he was made general manager." And this is only a portion of his business career. In the political arena, he is one of the best known figures of the city.

THE SENATORIAL CONTEST.

As things look at Springfield just now, Shelby M. Cullom appears to be in the lead for the Republican senatorial nomination. Messrs. Medill, Adams and Mason having practically withdrawn from the struggle, Mr. Willetts is about the only formidable Cook county man in the field against Mr. Cullom. The latter is an old, and very able, political hand, and has a great hold on the rural districts of this State. There is nothing in his record that would make any patriotic American citizen object to Mr. Cullom. The objection is entirely one of location. Chicago, it is claimed, ought to have one of the two senators from Illinois. We are not particularly clannish in this regard, and rather prefer the British system of electing men for their ability rather than their geographical situation. It is all nonsense to say that "Mr. Cullom does not understand the requirements of Chicago." If he does not, nobody does. He has had, certainly, all the necessary experience, both as governor and senator. Now that the fight is narrowed down to Cullom and Willetts, it is entirely probable that the incumbent senator will be re-elected.

SENATOR EDMUND O'CONNOR.

The selection of Senator O'Connor, of Binghamton, N.Y., for president pro tem of the State Senate by the Republican majority is a deserved tribute to the personal popularity and political sagacity of one of the youngest members of that body. Senator O'Connor is a member of the famous Lexow Committee. His efforts have been always directed toward securing honest government through the purity of the ballot.—*Irish World.*

Yes, the Senator is a man who would reflect credit on the highest position to which he is eligible in the gift of the people of New York, or, for that matter, of the United States. We believe he was born in Ireland, but wherever he was born, Ireland has no truer friend and America no better citizen.

THE CITIZEN is extremely sorry for the people of Butte, Mont., who sustained such fearful loss of life and property by the powder and dynamite explosion of Tuesday night. The storing of such powerful explosives in a populous city, or anywhere near human habitation, is in the highest degree criminal. Only three of the entire fire department of the scourged city survive the disaster. Seventy-five firemen and citizens were killed or mortally injured, and nearly 200 are more or less wounded. This is a frightful penalty to pay for criminal carelessness.

THE Western Mountaineers sat down heavily on the A. P. A. organization in Helena, Mont., on Monday, as is shown by the following telegram: "The A.P.A. organization of this State sent a protest to the Legislature today against the election of any Catholic to the United States Senate. This was aimed at T. H. Carter, Republican nominee to succeed Senator Power. On motion the document was returned to the order without being accorded the courtesy of a reading before the house. Though there are supposed to be more than twenty A. P. A. members in the Legislature not one of them raised a voice in behalf of the petition."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"John Moloney," City—The great Irish storm, generally called the "big wind" occurred on Jan. 6, 1839.

The Fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla, once fairly tried, becomes the family medicine, speaks volumes for its excellence and medicinal merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla is Nature's co-worker.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Next Sunday evening, Jan. 20, the celebrated play "Oliver Twist" is to be put upon the Schiller stage for one week, with a cast and in a manner that has never been equalled upon the American stage. It will be a great stage presentation of what is claimed by many to be Dickens' masterpiece, produced with special scenery, costumes and an equipment of stage accessories prepared for the great star company, under the direction of W. A. Mestayer, who has made a specialty of the production of "Oliver Twist" this season. The company is a very strong one, including as it does a number of dramatic stars of the first rank. The principal characters of the great drama are sustained by the following well known stars: Elita Proctor Otis as Nancy Sykes; Frank Keenan as Fagin; Charles Barron as Bill Sykes; William Mestayer as Bumble, and Chas. Coote as the Artful Dodger. The scenery embraces twelve ebaborate and accurate pictures of London.

Commencing Sunday evening, Jan. 27, Camilla D'Arville, and her magnificent opera company, return to the Schiller to fulfill a special engagement in the most charming and successful comic opera of recent years, "Madeleine, or the Magic Kiss."

"THE CITIZEN" FOR 1895.

The Oldest Established Irish-American Journal of the Great Northwest.

The Faithful Champion of Irish Independence and American Liberty, Fraternity and Equality.

Handsome and Valuable Premiums Offered to Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs.

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions for 1895, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland" containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folklore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and back.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary" bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

—

TO ANY SUBSCRIBER, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc., made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

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—

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POLICEMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

At the recent meeting of the Policemen's Benevolent Association, held in the Auditorium Recital hall, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Sergt. Thomas Meany; vice-president, ex-Inspector Edward Laughlin; financial secretary, John B. Stokes; recording secretary, Lieutenant Peter M. Kelly; treasurer, Captain Wm. Dollard. The matter of the Hickey embezzlement came up with the treasurer's report, and it was shown that of the $2,367 which the 17th precinct trustee is said to nave obtained fraudulently on the pretended death of Harry Forgie $2,000 had been refunded, and it was reported that Hickey's father had offered a ninety-day note for $367, the rest due. Treasurer Dollard was authorized to accept the note.

On Jan. 1 the association contained 2,544 members. Of these 276 were admitted in 1894. The deaths numbered twenty-nine and fifty-six were dropped from the organization. The expelled numbered four and only one resigned. The total number of assessments ordered in 1894 was five and the cost to each member was $16.

OBITUARY.

CORNELIUS RYAN.

During the last week from across the Atlantic came the sad news of the death of Mr. Cornelius Ryan, a well known and popular citizen and for many years a resident of this city. Mr. Ryan was a conductor on the Madison street cable cars. Owing to ill health he was obliged to resign, and moved to Iowa, where he remained with his uncle for over six months, but not receiving any benefit returned to Chicago. His physicians advised him to visit his native land as the only hope for his recovery. With this object in view he left the city about the 12th of December last and reached the home of his parents at Cullina, Cappamore, county Limerick, Ireland, on Christmas morning. The greeting was indeed a happy one, and Mr. Ryan, even in his sickness unto death, enjoyed the unspeakable pleasure of being in his parents' home on the day recognized as the anniversary of the dawn of Christianity. Disease had nearly concluded its fatal work, and he was compelled to take to his bed, from which he never arose. He breathed his last on Jan. 1 of this year, and the home that only eight days previously was bright and happy was suddenly turned to one of deep sorrow. Mr. Ryan was a young man of exemplary habits, and a bright future was predicted for him by his numerous relatives and friends in this city, in Gardner, Mass., and in Ireland, who will deeply deplore his untimely demise. Mr. Ryan was a cousin to our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Roger H. Keogh. The funeral was largely attended by old friends, schoolmates, and others. Requiem mass was solemnized in the old and historical church in his native town, after which the remains were conveyed to the cemetery where all that was mortal of the good and the patriotic Cornelius Ryan was consigned to mother earth and the desire of his heart when in life was fulfilled, namely, that he should moulder into dust in the hallowed ground in Ireland the idol of his heart—the land of saints and patriots. M'C.

FUNERAL OF JAMES CONLEY.

Solemn high mass was said for Janes Conley, "the hermit of St. Mary's," in that church Sunday at 10 o'clock. Father Murphy was celebrant; Father Gillen deacon; Father Conway, subdeacon, and Father McGrath, master of ceremonies. Hundreds of the members of the church passed before the coffin after the mass. The burial was at Calvary. Fathers Murphy, Gillen, Dwyer and Conway went to the cemetery, as did a large number of the members of the congregation.

MRS. THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, of the Chicago Distilling Company, suffered a great bereavement in the death of his wife, Mrs. Margaret Hutchinson, which occurred at the family residence, No. 3920 Vincennes avenue, on the 11th inst. She leaves, besides her husband, two grown up daughters to mourn her loss. The funeral occurred last Monday morning from the house to the Holy Angels' church, where high mass of requiem was offered up by the Rev. Father Tighe, assisted by other clergymen. The pall-bearers were: Col. P. J. Hennessy, R. Hennessy, M. D. Flavin, T. S. Casey, W. C. Foley, Daniel J. Gallery, Thomas Brenan and William Buckley. At the conclusion of the services, the remains were escorted to Calvary cemetery by a large cortege, and were laid to rest in the family burial lot. Mr. Hutchinson and family have the sympathy of a host of friends in their affliction.

E. J. SULLIVAN.

Mr. Edward J. Sullivan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Sullivan of Riverside, Ill., died on the 11th inst, after a brief illness. His premature death is a severe shock to the good father and mother who loved him so deeply, and to the large number of friends who were familiar with his amiable characteristics. The funeral occurred on the 14th inst., from the parental residence to St. Mary's church at Lyons where solemn high mass was celebrated. The interment was at Calvary cemetery.

MRS. ANNIE HUFF.

Mrs. Annie E. Huff, wife of Henry L. Hoff, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Brien, of this city, died, after a lingering sickness, at Leesburg, Fla., on Jan. 5. The funeral occurred on the morning of Jan. 11, from the residence of Capt. B. Quirk, No. 1383 Washington boulevard, and the interment was at Calvary.

EDMUND ROGERS TUOHY.

The funeral of Edmund Rogers Tuohy, who died on the 10th inst., was held last Sunday, at 1:30 o'clock, at the residence, No. 5008 Chicago avenue, Rogers Park. The services were largely attended, and the floral offerings were many. Rev. Father Smythe, of St. Jerome's church, officiated. The pall-bearers were, A. Henderson, Robert Langston, Fred Goss, William Doyle, John Dickson and John Crowe. Interment was in Calvary. The young man, whose loss is deeply deplored, was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Tuohy, and was grandson of the old settler from whom Rogers Park derives its name. Mr. P. L. Tuohy, who married Miss Rogers, followed in the footsteps of his father-in-law, and has done more for Rogers Park than any other of its citizens. The death of a promising son, is a heavy affliction in any family, and Mr. and Mrs. Tuohy have the consolation of knowing that all their friends deeply sympathize with them in a sorrow to assuage which words are of little avail. Trust in God and the soothing hand of time can alone reconcile the human heart to such cruel afflictions.

"Body Rested, Mind at Ease."

That is what it is when traveling on the fast trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway; besides there is no chance to "kick," for the accommodations are up to date, the trains keep moving right along and get there on time. These lines thoroughly cover the territory between Chicago, La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Aberdeen, Mitchell, Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Yankton, Council Bluffs, Omaha and Northern Michigan. All the principal cities and towns in that territory are reached by the "St. Paul" lines, connecting at St. Paul, Council Bluffs and Omaha with all lines for points in the far west. Write to F. A. Miller, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill., for one of their new map time tables and a brochure giving a description of the Compartment Sleeping Cars. Tickets furnished by any coupon ticket agent in the United States and Canada. The finest dining-cars in world are run on the solid vestibuled, electric-lighted and steam-heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

A CHRISTMAS TOAST.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

The Frenchman's toast is the Tricolor;
America's toast may be
The Stars and Stripes whose blazoned folds
Float over a people free;
The Spaniard drinks to the flag of the Cid,
And every Bourbon knight
May quaff, if he please, to the fleur-de-lis—
The banner of spotless white;
But we, boys, we have a flag of our own—
A flag on whose storied sheen
Are written the deeds of our bravest sires
In letters of gold and green;
Then a toast we'll quaff this Christmas night,
While the bright stars gem the sky,
To the flag that has lived through the blood stained years—
To the flag that can never die!

There are no vines on the sloping hills
Of the land of our hopes and dreams,
No mulberries grow in the vales below
On the banks of her rushing streams;
But the shamrock springs from her sacred soil,
And the modest harebells dwell
'Mid the furze and the broom, and wild flowers smile
From the depths of each sombre dell;
And the towers of old, each castle and hold,
And the abbey and shrine proclaim
That the isle of our love hath a record proud
And a glory-crowned name and fame;
Then a toast—a toast, while the stars peep out
From their crystalline homes on high,
To the land that has lived a myriad years—
To the land that can never die!

The cause of the Poles is dead, they say—
Laid in a gory grave,
By the scimitars of the Cossack horde
And the Prussian's fiery glaive.
There are Greeks who chafe 'neath the Mussulman's yoke,
And the Teuton rules amain
O'er the cities and towns and verdant vales
Of Alsace and Lorraine;
The serfs who are lashed by such despot whips
May never know freedom's noon,
But the cause of the land of our dearest dreams
Is destined to triumph soon.
Then a toast—a toast to the dawning light
Of the glorious by-and-bye—
To the cause that has lived through a myriad years—
To the cause that can never die!

Brave races of old have withered apace
And sleep the sleep of peace—
The Assyrian hosts, and the sons of Troy,
And heroes of Rome and Greece;
But ours is a race that fructifies,
And starts o'er the ocean blue
From the western nook of an olden world,
To guide and to rule a new:
Its millions tread this wild, wide globe,
Its feet are on every shore—
Today 'tis a thousand times as strong
As it was in the days of yore.
Then we'll quaff tonight to the brave old race,
Whose founts can never run dry—
To the race that has lived through a myriad years—
To the race that can never die!

We'll drink to the hopes of liberty,
That ever from pole to pole
Throb like a heavenly chorus, boys,
Through the depths of each Irish soul!
To the hopes that nerved the sinewy arms
Of our sires in the long ago,
When they scorned to barter their nationhood,
And fought to the death the foe!
The hopes that we hold of setting a crown
On the brow of our ocean queen,
And hoisting o'er all her towns and towers
The banners of gold and green.
Then one toast more will we quaff tonight,
With bosoms bounding high—
To the hopes that have lived through a myriad years—
To the hopes that can never die!

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NEVER SAY DIE.

Because Eleanor Kirk Says There Is No Such Thing as Death—Man Lives On Forever.

How a Fretful Wife was Cured of Worrying By the Imminence of a Greater Sorrow.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Jan. 14—To be "tired of living," as some of our friends and correspondents have lately expressed themselves, is to be in direct opposition to the the underlying principle of all life, which is harmony. This, of course, is a self-evident proposition, because, serene, well poised and intelligent people realize that once alive is always alive, and that it is the climax of folly to talk about being tired of living since life is eternal. The soul can never know a single moment of unconsciousness. So, if to all appearance life comes to an end here, it is nothing but an appearance. Life goes on. This being the case, what is the use of all our groaning and complaining? Why not make the best of the present moment? "Oh, yes, it is easy to talk," a fellow pilgrim remarks bitterly to herself as she wipes the hot tears from her cheeks, "but what if your husband was ill, business gone, children destitute for clothes—what then? Suppose you had neither relatives nor friends upon whom you could depend for assistance in your dire strait—do you think under these circumstances you would feel like perpetuating the torture? Yes, indeed, it is easy to preach."

This is no imagined response. Such answers come every day to the line of thought which is sent out from this office. It seems at first like indifference upon the part of the one who desires to substitute a positve thought for the negative and vagrant ones which have held so strong a sway. To tell a wife and mother, in the position of the one spoken of above, that she must think different thoughts in order to bring about a change in her environment seems like a farce.

"Is not my house full of sickness?" she asks. "Are we not in poverty and debt? Can I *think* prosperity and peace when there is no comfort and no peace?"

Not long ago there was a very good example of this condition of mind; indeed, the case was in many respects analogous to the present one. The husband and father lost his position in consequence of the cry of hard times—a wail, by the way, which has not the slightest foundation in fact. Times have seemed hard because people have held on to their money. Well, things went down hill all the time with this family. The wife wept and complained: the husband in great despondency sought work every day and failed. At last he decided to end his life—poor imbecile! as if he could. He secured a pistol, and went home to bid an eternal farewell to those he called his loved ones. Suddenly a presentment of the awful thing that was about to take place came to tho wife. She rushed upstairs and was just in time to direct the weapon from its purpose. She dashed it one side, and at this supreme moment was made acquainted with the folly of her own behavior. Everything else that she had endured and which had seemed so hard, shrunk into insignificance beside this contemplated tragedy.

"Why, if we have each other," she pleaded, "we can bear anything. I will be different now, and I am sure that fortune will smile on us again."

This woman had been tired of living; at least she had often made this remark to her husband and others. Now she had discovered that there were deeper depths, and compared with this horror, the troubles of which she had so bitterly complained were nothing. They had been nothing all the time, but she had been holding on to them with all her might, and endowing them with all the power they possessed. Things did change for this family in a very short time. Husband and wife were united and worked in grateful harmony. God could have came into manifestation long before this, had there been a spiritual understanding of this law of harmony. Harmony is heaven, and the kingdom of heaven is within every one of us if we only realize it.

"Inquirer" wants to know what difference there is between whalebone and featherbone, and if the latter is not really made from whalebone.

It is a little odd that the bone manufactured from turkeys' quills should be so much stronger than the bone of the leviathan of the deep. But it is. Feather bone does not break nor bend. It can be moved from dress to dress, while whalebone will rarely stand the stress of one bodice. Fleshy women are always in trouble with whalebone, because of its tendency to snap and give way at unexpected times. Such accidents do not occur when featherbone is used. This bone is stitched in by machines, a process which consumes less than quarter of the time which it takes to furnish a gown with whalebone. A bodice can be elaborately boned in ten minutes, after one has learned to put it in. Fastened in this manner, it becomes a part of the dress instead of something added to it. I understand that free instruction is given in all our principal cities in the art of using this bone.

Some of our correspondents are very much disturbed on the score of the "Green Christmas."

One friend is sure that "the land will be made sad and desolate with disease and death."

This is unutterably silly. Superstition is ignorance, and ignorance is the only evil that the human family has ever suffered under, and this is of their own choosing. Let us try to become intelligent as fast as possible.

ELEANOR KIRK.

696 Greene avenue.

GAELIC POETRY.

Caoineadh air Eirinn.

(Leis an g-Craoibhin Aoibhinn.)

Caoinfead, a's caoinfead, a's caoinfead go deórach,
Na h-aimsire bhi 'gainn a d-tir Inse Fáil;
Caoinfead a righthe bhi treunmhar a's treórach,
Caoinfead a n-gniombartha, caoinfead a g-cáil.
Ná bidhidh am' bhacadh, a dhaoine gan cóias,
Is caoineadh mo chaoineadh nach d-tuigfear go bráth;
Is dubh agus doimhin mar an oidhche mo bhrón-sa;
Oidhche nach bh-feicfidh a choidhche an lá.

Is cosmhuil mo chaoineadh le caoineadh an duine,
A chidheas go sábháilta ó shliabh ró-árd,
A mhaoin a's a mhuintir 'gá m-báthadh le tuile,
Agus eision 'na sonar fágtha go slán.
Is cosmhuil mo chaoineadh le caoineadh na máthar
A chailleas a páiste 's a h-aon mhac amháin;
Is doimhne mo bhrón 'ná aon bhrón ins an Nádúr,
Mar caoinim-se náisiún tá scaptha air fán.

Is searbh an brón é, an brón so am láthair,
Ni aithnighim plan isgéire 'ná é;
A's nuair fheicfeadh mo mhuintir a's laochra Eireann
Mo shuim ins an g-corp so dar n-dóigh is beag.

DEATH OF LORD EDWARD.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the brilliant and promising scion of a famous family, was but one of the innumerable victims of the attempted insurrection of 1798. He was the twelfth child of the first Duke of Leinster, and was born in London on Oct. 15, 1763. He entered upon a military career, and served under the Duke of Richmond and was afterwards appointed an aide-de-camp to Lord Rawdon, during the last year of the American Revolution. It is thought the success of the Americans in their efforts to throw off the English yoke had much to do in leading him to believe the Irish people could do likewise. He took home with him from America a colored servant named Tony, who remained devotedly attached to him to the last. He entered parliament in the fall of 1783 from the town of Athy, and a few years later made extensive travels in Europe and in Canada, studying military science and the different political systems. In 1790 he was elected to parliament for Kildare. Not long after, while in Paris, he joined in a meeting of British residents in that city, where the progress of popular ideas of civil liberty was favored and encouraged. In consequence of his participation in these proceedings, he was dismissed from the British army and thenceforth he was a marked man, and shortly afterwards joined the United Irishmen, having lost all hope of accomplishing anything for his country by conciliatory means.

Lord Edward and his wife lived a great part of the time in France, where he assisted Wolfe Tone and others in trying to secure French aid, but all his movements were shadowed by British emissaries and his negotiations carefully reported to the government, and the coils were thus spread for him in such a way that his fate was sealed long before he was aware of it. Wolfe Tone was there, and had been for some time working within France, and the United Irish leaders were working from without, in urging on the French expeditions that eventuated in the abortive Bantry Bay attempt in December, 1796, the preparation at the Texel in July, 1797, Humbert's landing at Killala in August, 1798, and the engagement off Lough Swilly in September, 1796, in which Tone was taken prisoner. At the election of 1797 Lord Edward addressed the electors of Kildare, and expressed his intention of not soliciting their votes on the ground that nothing was to be hoped for from parliament as then constituted. Grattan retired about the same time and for the same reason. Lord Edward now assumed the military leadership of the United Irishmen, determined to assert by arms the independence of Ireland, a post for which he was in every way qualified by both training and disposition. It was decided that an insurrection should take place in March, 1798. The union considered it could only rely upon about 267,296 armed men, Ulster furnishing about 110,910, Munster 100,664, Leinster 55,672. None appeared to have been enrolled for the counties of Wexford and Mayo, where the most vigorous stand was subsequently made.

As the plot thickened, it was intimated to Lord Edward that the government would connive at his leaving the country; but he spurned the suggestion, declaring: "It is now out of the question; I am too deeply pledged to these men to be able to withdraw with honor." In March, 1798, he was residing at Leinster House with Lady Edward Fitzgerald, and on the 12th (the day of the seizures at Bond's, in Lower Bridge street), an attempt was made to arrest him there. Frescati was also searched in vain. His papers at both places were examined. From this time until the 19th of May he was a wanderer, secreted with friends in different parts of Dublin. A reward of £1,000 was placed on his head, and he had more than one narrow escape from capture. On the 17th of May he went to the house of Mr. Murphy, a feather merchant, by day hiding in a valley on the roof of an outhouse, by night consulting with his friends. On the afternoon of the next day he was in bed with a cold when the house was suddenly suarounded, and Majors Swan and Sirr, accompanied by a body of soldiers, rushed upstairs and into his room. In the struggle that ensued Lord Edward wounded more than one of his antagonists, but in the end, disabled by a shot from Major Sirr's pistol, he was made prisoner, and conveyed, under a strong guard, to the Castle, and afterwards to Newgate. He expressed regret when told by a surgeon that his wound was not mortal.

It is now known that Lord Edward was betrayed by Francis Higgins, the "Sham Squire." Surgeon-General Stewart had been called in, and while dressing the wound whispered to Lord Edward that he was willing to convey any message to Lady Edward that he wished. "No, no," he rejoined, "thank you; nothing, nothing: only break it to her tenderly." He lingered on for sixteen days at Newgate, until 2 o'clock on the morning of June 4, 1798, when he passed away, aged 34. Until within a few hours of his death all communication with his relatives and friends was denied. Then, through the influence of Lord Clare, Lady Louisa Connolly and his brother, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, were admitted to his bedside. He kissed and embraced both of them, spoke about his wife and children, and remarked, "I knew it would come to this; we all must go." His remains were privately interred in a vault in St. Werburg's Church.—*Ex.*

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Something Interetting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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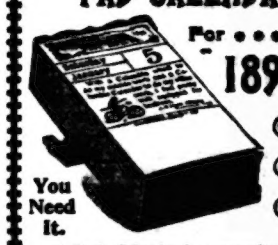

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OF THE TRUE MARRIAGE.

Unto his servant on a day
The Lord revealed his hidden way.

He said: "Within this city great
Where sin still slays the Lamb of God,
What dost thou think I contemplate
For comfort when I look abroad?"
His servant answered, "Yonder church,
Crowded at masstime to the porch."

The Lord replied, "Not so," and then
His servant guessed, to make him glad,
The priest where he sat shriving men,
The wounded healed, the orphan clad,
The widow's tears wiped off, the poor
Fed from another's little store.

And then he guessed the saint who died
Last night, Fra Leo, vigil pale,
Painting the wings of heaven, Christ's bride
New wed, beneath her shadowy veil;
The gray cross in the market place,
With children playing at its base.

He guessed most things of earth and heaven,
The convent garden and the doves;
The western sky aflame at even,
The mountains and the orange groves,
The sea that moaned alway and prayed,
And yet the Lord God shook his head.

He said: "Lo, in thy city I see
A wife and husband full of love,
Whose lives in loving harmony
Are set all death and change above.
I see, and leaning from my place,
I bless them in their hidden grace.

"Whose love and peace and sweet accord
Comfort me greatly," said the Lord.
—Katharine Tynan in London Illustrated News.

MEADOWS' WARNING.

Ben Holding was a tall, handsome young fellow, in a much better position than I, but I never envied him that or anything else till he came between me and pretty Lizzie Meadows. She was an orphan and lived with her grandfather, Luke Meadows, the oldest fisherman in the village. Had she wished it she might have had all the lads in the place at her feet, but even in her childish days, when her companions fought for the privilege of buying toys or sweets for her or of carrying her books when she trotted to school, she would give them no reward but a smile or a glance from her dark eyes. Her childish kisses were reserved for me. To me only she told her childish secrets and brought her childish troubles.

But now she was a woman grown and no longer lavish of her favor. She was quiet and shy. And old Luke, being naturally very careful of his treasure, guarded her so jealously that it became each day more and more difficult to obtain speech with her. It was but seldom now that I was allowed to look in at the cottage of a Sunday evening, as I had been in the habit of doing regularly from a boy. But that troubled me the less inasmuch as the permission was not granted to any one else.

At length, however, it began to be whispered about that Ben Holding went very frequently to Meadows' cottage and was doubtless paying attention to his granddaughter. This was the more surprising, as the young man had till very recently been working at a place some 20 miles to the north, and, to my certain knowledge, there was nothing between the two when he first went there. His work must have brought him in a good round sum, for he went fishing now in a boat of his own and had taken a cottage all to himself, instead of living in a single room or boarding in a family, as was the custom with the young fishermen round about.

However, I gave little heed to such gossip. Lizzie always greeted me with a smile when we met, and Meadows was, if anything, rather more friendly than he had been for some time. Moreover, if by chance I did spend an evening at the cottage, I never came across Ben Holding. He used to go by on Sundays on his way to the meetings of the Plymouth Brethren, where he was a constant attendant, but he never staid to chat more than five or ten minutes, and what he said to the girl all the world might hear.

I went down to Meadows' place one Sunday afternoon with the intention of telling Lizzie how it was with me and of asking her to be my wife. It would be the best way, I thought, of putting an end to the talk of the village, which did not please me, though it caused me no anxiety. I had lately had a raise in my wages and was promised a further increase at the end of the year, so I hoped to satisfy Meadows as to my prospects.

I cannot tell if he suspected my intention, but it was in vain I sought for an opportunity of speaking to Lizzie that evening. Meadows talked without ceasing, and Lizzie herself seemed more occupied than usual. Instead of sitting still she flitted around the kitchen, doing one thing or another, now reaching down plates from the topmost shelf of the dresser, then bending over the fire where, contrary to her custom on a Sunday, she had two or three pots to attend to. I was so absorbed in watching her movements that I fear I made but an indifferent listener to Meadows' old time yarns. It was a delight to me to note the graceful turn of her figure, to watch the color deepening on her cheek till her delicate ear looked like a rose leaf as it lay amid the clustering rings of her dark hair. Lizzie laughingly turned us out at last, saying she wanted to set the kitchen to rights and we were in the way. I offered to help her, but the old man would not hear of my doing anything and carried me off to the porch to smoke a pipe with him.

We had not sat there long before I saw Ben Holding in the distance, evidently making his way toward us. So little did I fear him that I was actually glad to see him, thinking he would take off Meadows' attention and give me a chance of a word with Lizzie. But I soon saw that was not to be. After shaking hands with us Ben strode into the kitchen, and, though we followed him immediately, he had found time to give her a little note, for I saw her hide it in her dress as I came in.

I soon discovered he had been invited to supper, and the dishes Lizzie had been taking so much pains with were prepared in his honor. When we sat down to table, the talk turned on matters of which I knew nothing and could take no part in. Lizzie asked question after question about Holding's cottage and displayed such an intimate knowledge of its arrangements that it was clear to me the subject had been often discussed between them. What could this mean but that the house was furnished for her as Holding's wife? Meadows smiled placedly and looked on with an air of approval that well nigh maddened me. I turned cold and sick, but though I never spoke and hardly touched a morsel on my plate they paid no heed, but continued to laugh and joke over their own affairs. At last I could stand it no longer, and rising from the table abruptly said it was time to go home. Then for the first time Lizzie seemed to perceive my agitation, for she blushed and looked confused.

"Are you going out tomorrow, George?" Meadows asked as I bade him good night.

"Of course," I said briefly. "Why not?"

"I don't like the look of the weather," he explained. "I was just going to say so when Ben came up this evening. I am not one to counsel any man to stay at home when there's work to be done, but industry is one thing and rashness is another. It's blowing up for a gale, take my word for it, lads. There'll be mischief tomorrow, I warn you."

"What then?" I rejoined sullenly. "'Twon't be the first gale I've been out in, nor the last, maybe. And if it is nobody will care."

"No man has a right to throw his life away," urged the old man solemnly. "What's come to you, George? That's not like you. I hope you will take my advice, Ben, anyway, for the Mermaid is not seaworthy. You'll rue the day you bought her, if you don't look out."

"We'll see it how it is in the morning," Ben said hopefully.

"Anyhow, you can't say nobody cares," I heard Lizzie whisper. And then she went on, half to herself, "And George has no right to say such things."

I went out, and to my surprise Holding followed me. I hurried on, thinking to avoid him, but he soon caught me up. The sky was cloudy and dark, and on one side was an irregular streak of grayish yellow light where the moon was struggling to break through. I saw no cause for old Luke's warning, nor did Holding, it appeared, for he began: "What can Meadows mean, Powell? It is a dirty night, no doubt, but 'twill clear before morning, I should think. What say you?"

"I think so, too," I answered between my set teeth.

"But he is not one to croak, and he is very rarely out in his predictions," Ben continued. "Would it not be wiser to stay on shore?"

"Do so, by all means, if you are afraid," I replied, with a sneer. "You are your own master."

The taunt stung him, I could see, dark as it was, but he kept his temper and only said: "I don't deserve that, George, and no one knows it better than you do. What ails you tonight?"

"'Tain't your business."

"Are you in trouble? Can I do anything?"

"You can hold your tongue."

"What will Lizzie say?"

"She'll care as little as you or any one else. How dare you talk of Lizzie to me? Go your own way and let me go mine."

"Nay, Powell, listen," he began, but I would not stay to hear. I broke away from him and ran down a narrow lane that led to my lodging. I was boiling over with wrath, and his coolness irritated me past all bearing. What right had he to bring in Lizzie's name? He had stolen her from me. Let that content him. And how Meadows had deceived me! He knew, no man better, what took me to his cottage, and yet he encouraged Ben's suit on the sly. I felt as if I could have throttled him.

In such a frame of mind it was not likely I should sleep, and as a fact I spent the night in walking up and down my little room revolving in my mind one plan of revenge after another. Holding and Lizzie should never come together if by fair means or foul I could prevent it. Who would have thought, I reflected bitterly, that Meadows was so mercenary? Because Ben had a boat of his own and two men in his pay, while I worked with Tom Ford at a weekly wage, he was ready to throw me over. I felt glad I had taunted Holding with being a coward. Now he would go out in the morning, whatever the weather, and who could say what might not happen? His boat, the Mermaid, was, every one knew, a rotten tub. In his anxiety to rise above his fellows he had bought her without consulting any one and had been grievously cheated in the bargain. Lizzie's sweet eyes seemed to plead for him. They haunted me, turn where I would, but I would not let them influence me. If her lover perished in the waves, she deserved all the pain it would give her, the little flirt. But, however matters turned out, no one could impute the blame to me.

Before sunrise I was up and on my way to the beach. The morning broke gloomy and dull. The clouds were ragged and torn at the edges, telling of wind, but the sea just then was calm enough. The barometer at the coastguard station was lower than it had been for weeks. Still, I had gone out many a day more stormy looking than this, and I made up my mind that if Ford wished to go I would say nothing to dissuade him. It was not likely he would care to stay on shore. He was a bold, determined fellow, and knew his boat, the Vixen, to be one of the stoutest and best built in the place.

He came down presently, and with a shrug of his shoulders and the remark, "We'll get a wetting today, more than likely," motioned to me to shove off. Ford was a man of few words.

As we took our seats I saw Holding and his men getting in their nets and preparing to follow us. So, then, he had not taken the old man's advice. He nodded to me as we passed and smilingly waved his hand, but I kept my eyes turned away and made no answering sign.

We got on much as usual till about 8 o'clock in the afternoon. Then I saw Meadows' prediction would be verified. Thunder rumbled in the distance, and the waves were high and sullen. Suddenly the wind sprang up, and it was all we could do to shorten sail before it was down on us. Ford said it was a squall, and we had seen the worst of it, but he was wrong, as the event proved. The gusts of wind followed each other fast. Every wave threatened to engulf the Vixen and her crew, and it soon became a struggle for life. For my own safety I cared little. Life had ceased to have any attractions for me; but, remembering Ford's wife and little children, I worked manfully to keep the boat on her course.

"Who would have thought it would blow like this?" Ford said in his usual phlegmatic fashion as we crouched together in the stern.

"Meadows said last night 'twould be rougher than common," I rejoined. "But he is getting old now and thinks more of a hatful of wind than he used to do."

"You should have told me that," said Ford gravely. "It's never safe to go again old Luke—he knows the weather signs better than any man. I say, George Powell," he went on, looking keenly at me, "is Holding to carry off pretty Lizzie? He was at the cottage last night, my wife says. He seems to be there most days."

"I can't tell you," I replied. "It's nothing to me or to you either."

"Nothing to me certainly," returned Ford. "But the folks used to say she was for you, lad."

"Doesn't look much like it," was my somewhat equivocal reply.

"'Pon my soul, you are right," growled Ford as another great wave broke over us. "But if that is what you mean, Holding's chance is no better than your own, or as good. Look! Isn't that the Mermaid yonder?"

It was not easy to distinguish anything, for my eyes were full of salt water, but after a bit I managed to make out Holding's boat, with three men on board of her, being driven before the gale. It was madness on his part not to have put back hours ago, for he knew well enough how little the Mermaid was fitted to encounter such a sea as this. For a few minutes the wind lulled, and we came within speaking distance.

"George," Holding shouted as soon as he could make himself heard, "Meadows knew what he was about last night, eh? I was a fool not to take his advice. I shall never set foot on shore again."

Ford stood up, a rope in his hand, and called to him to come on board the Vixen. But Holding shook his head. He was seaman enough to know that to attempt such a thing would in all probability swamp us all, and he would not risk it.

"Tell the folks you saw us," he said calmly, though his face was white as death. "Bid them goodby. I know Meadows will look after my little girl. God bless her! And you, George—Lizzie"—

His voice was lost in the roar of the waves, and indeed my heart beat so fast I should hardly have made out his words in any case. A flash of lightning, more vivid than any we had had yet, half blinded me, and at the same moment we shipped a sea that nearly washed us from our seats. When we had succeeded in bailing out the water and were able to look about us, I sought in all directions for the Mermaid, but she was nowhere to be seen. I cast myself down at the bottom of the boat, overcome with horror. To have my rival thus suddenly swept from my path was more than I could bear. Last night I would have hailed with joy anything that severed him from Lizzie. Now I felt like a murderer. It was I who had lured him to his doom and wrecked the life of the girl I loved. I tried to pray for God's forgiveness, but no words would come. In my misery I would have thrown myself into the water, but I had no strength to move. Ford called to me, but his voice fell on deaf ears. I lay stunned and motionless.

I must have remained in that state for some time. Ford thought I had been struck by lightning, but it was out of his power to help me. It was all he could do, single handed, to guide our little craft. Fortunately for us both, the storm began to abate, or we should never have reached the shore.

It was dusk when we landed, and the harbor lights flashing into my eyes roused me from the lethargy into which I had fallen. A crowd was assembled on the beach, eager to welcome the friends they had given up for lost. I soon made out the tall figure of Meadows, with his granddaughter clinging to him as if for support, and I bowed my head in agony at the thought of the fatal news I had to give her. Suddenly a voice sounded in my ear, clear and sharp above the rest, and I started. It was a voice I had never expected to hear again in this world.

"Here they are at last!" Ben Holding cried joyfully. "Lizzie, look up. Howell is safe, thank God! He is here!"

I staggered toward them, dizzy and faint. The joy was overpowering. By what miracle had Holding escaped with his life? He seized me by the hand and drew me forward. Lizzie said something I could not hear and would have fallen to the ground had not some one caught her and laid her, white as a lily, in her grandfather's arms. Then ensued a babel of voices. All the fishermen in the village seemed thronging to shake hands with me and Ford. I gathered from their talk that great anxiety had been felt on our account; that a lifeboat had been sent to our aid and had fallen in with the Mermaid only just in time to save the lives of those on board, for she had capsized and left them struggling in the water. By the time this was effected the wind went down, and finding the Vixen was not in pressing need of assistance the lifeboat made for shore, where she arrived long before we did.

I was borne on the shoulders of my comrades to Meadows' house, where a good glass of grog helped to steady my nerves. But as soon as I was able to walk I insisted on going home, giving as an excuse that I wanted to turn in. To remain under Meadows' roof was intolerable.

"Well, if go you must," Luke exclaimed, when he found I would stay no longer, "I will see you to your door. Don't cry, my girl. He will be all right in the morning. Ben and I will look after him."

"Powell," Holding began as soon as I had reached my room, "you and I have a little matter to settle, and the sooner it is done the better. I know what's troubling you. I knew it last night, and I would have set you right then if you would have listened to me. I don't deny I was put out by what you said, but—well, I have been very near death today, and such things seem of no importance. You think Lizzie and I are lovers, don't you? All the village thinks so. Because I have taken a little house of my own, I am going to take a wife, they say. And so I am. Mary Blake and I hope to come together at Christmas. She lives at the place where I've been working all summer. As I haven't a creature belonging to me, I came to Lizzie for help, for what do I know of how things ought to look or what a girl likes to have about her? But you've no call to be jealous, my friend. Lizzie is yours heart and soul. I've thought so many a day, and now I'm sure of it. I confess I pretended to make love to her last night, but it was only a bit of fun. Will you forgive and forget?"

What a relief those words were to me! I tried to tell him of all the wicked thoughts that had filled my brain and to ask his pardon for them, but he would not let me speak and presently went away, leaving me alone with Luke Meadows.

I could do no less than confess the state of my heart to the old man, though I was scarcely in a condition to talk coherently. But Lizzie's grief and terror during the storm had softened him, and instead of repelling me, as I feared he would do, he smiled as he said it was true he had vowed never to part with his little girl, but if I liked to come and live at the cottage I might marry her whenever I pleased, and the sooner the better.

But that happy day was not to dawn yet awhile. The next morning found me unable to rise from my bed, and many weeks passed before I could leave it again. Through the fever that followed, Holding nursed me like a brother, even putting off his own wedding rather than leave me in strange hands, and I verily believe it was owing to his watchful care that I recovered my health, as it was to him I owed the restoration of my peace of mind.

Winter had passed away, and the spring flowers were peeping from their hiding place in the grass before Lizzie Meadows and I were man and wife. All Lizzie's old playfellows came to the church to see her married and wish her happiness with the lad she had chosen, but no one's word touched me so nearly as did those of Ben Holding:

"Ah, Ben," I whispered as I wrung his hand, "I don't deserve my happiness, and no one knows that better than you do."

Of course he assured me it was all nonsense, and I must not let such thoughts trouble me, but I know well that the recollection of that terrible day will never fade from my memory.—Chambers' Journal.

Spanish Salads.

It is a sad fact that there are but few places in London where a properly dressed salad is obtainable. Faulty dressing is bad, but it was given to a well known place to go one worse. They absolutely brought me a lettuce salad that had been cut with a knife and covered with some highly noxious compound in the way of a patent salad dressing.

You can get good salad in the French and Italian restaurants round Soho, but for the best in the world you must go to Spain. The recipe there is peculiar. Mustard and egg are not tolerated, and oil is to vinegar in the proportion of three to one. The leaves of the salad are plucked and wrung dry. Various savory herbs are chopped up on a plate at your side, and the dressing is only poured over the leaves when you are just ready to eat them. The vinegar is mixed with an equal part of water, but this is, I imagine, on account of its strength. I do not wish any harm to the barbarian who first invented a compound salad dressing, but should like him to taste a salad dressed by a Seville chef and then be confidemned to take his own concoction for the rest of his unnatural life, which would not, I think, be long.—London Sketch.

Plum Pudding Thin.

A story has got into print of a Frenchman who, eating plum pudding for the first time, was so pleased with the dish that he begged his English hostess to give him the recipe for it. This she did, and he took it home for an early test at his own mahogany. His wife, on learning his enthusiasm, elected to surprise him one day, and the dish was served at dessert in a soup tureen and in soup plates. Not recognizing the mixture, the master of the house asked what it was and was told it was "ploom pooding." When he disputed this, he was confronted with his own recipe. Alas! the lady who gave it to him had forgotten the cloth. All the ingredients had been put, according to directions, into a pan of boiling water, had been cooked the prescribed time, and the result was—soup.—New York Times.

Sedentary Occupations.

A writer in La Medicine Modern asserts that sedentary occupations predispose to tuberculosis more than any others. Italian and English statistics show, he says, that there are 459 deaths per 1,000 from this disease among students, seminarians and young clergymen, while farmers, boatmen and mountaineers enjoy almost complete immunity from it.

INFLUENCE OF FIRE.

THE EFFECT IT HAS UPON WILD BEASTS AND BIRDS.

Used by Hunters and Travelers as a Protection—Darwin's Experience With the Monkey and the Candle—Birds Fascinated by a Campfire.

While it is impossible to ascertain what various animals think of fire, if they think about it at all, there is no doubt that they regard it as containing an element of danger to themselves. In every country where fierce carnivorous animals abound the hunter understands that his surest protection from their fury is found in a bright fire. In one of Gordon Cummings' books of hunting adventures in South Africa he relates a story of the death of a native who was killed by a lion. The man, with a companion, was making a journey through a district where lions abounded and noticed that the twain were being tracked by a giant king of the forest and his mate. Knowing the habits of the lion, and that the animal was very loath to attack by day or when a fire was burning, the travelers, when they halted for the night, built a roaring fire and agreed that one should stay awake to keep it burning. They had no firearms, and their condition was perilous in the extreme, for by the light of the fire they could see the eyes of the two lions like glowing balls in the forest near by, but so long as the fire blazed the animals came no nearer.

Toward morning, however, the one whose duty it was to feed the fire, overcome by weariness, fell into a doze, the fire burned low, and as soon as its flames ceased to flicker there was a rush, a bound, and the lion carried away his companion, grasping him by the shoulder, throwing the body over his back and galloping off like a cat with a mouse. Tragedies of this kind are numerous in Africa and Asia, but everywhere result from carelessness, lack of fuel or absence of firearms, for neither the lion, tiger, panther nor any other animal of the cat tribe can be induced by hunger to rush into a bright light after its prey. No doubt the dislike of light has something to do with it, for all these animals are nocturnal, but the fear of fire is probably quite as potent a factor.

The curiosity of the monkey is forever getting him into trouble. He will investigate anything, no matter what, and in his pursuit of knowledge will just as quickly and readily put his fingers into the fire as into the water. Darwin tells of a monkey with which he amused himself by encouraging the animal to imitate certain actions of his own, the results of which he knew very well would be disastrous to the simian. The naturalist lighted a candle, and in the presence of the monkey, snuffed it with his fingers. Leaving the candle burning, Darwin went away to a place whence he could watch the animal's actions without himself being observed. The monkey of course snuffed the candle and burned his fingers, but could never be induced to repeat the experiment, and indeed, after that occasion, could with difficulty be persuaded to remain in the room with a lighted candle, seeming to regard it as a sort of malevolent fetich or demon that was called into existence for the special injury of monkeys. It is said by naturalists, however, that not all monkeys have this extravagant fear of fire. In the forests of Africa monkeys have often been seen on cold mornings warming themselves at the embers of fires left by travelers, and apparently greatly enjoying the genial heat of the coals. Glad as they were to avail themselves of the warmth, however, they had not sense enough to understand that the fire could be kept up, and though material in the shape of dried branches and fallen wood was abundant in the immediate vicinity they made no effort to collect fuel and maintain the fire.

All kinds of birds are attracted by fire and light. In Herndon's "Valley of the Amazon" there is a queer paragraph detailing the effect produced on the feathered inhabitants of those tropical forests by the campfires lighted every night by the party. Traveling as they did for a considerable part of the time through an uninhabited jungle, it is quite possible that most of the birds had never before seen the light of a fire, and as soon as the blaze began to shine through the leafy arcades the birds, and particularly the parrots, dropped everything and came to look into the matter. They came in thousands, the trees in the vicinity were loaded down with them, and scores of throats poured forth opinions on the subject, all offhand and purely extemporaneous, but none the less voluble or loudly expressed. The uproar raised by the parrots was sometimes deafening. They came as close as they dared, formed a circle in the trees at a few feet distant and shouted to one another about the matter until sleep for the party was out of the question. Shooting at them and killing a few of the number were tried, and with good effect, for the rest scattered instantly, but only to return in ten minutes and renew the discussion as vociferously as ever. The party could not stay awake all night to shoot parrots, and so it became necessary after the meal was cooked to let the fire go down as low as possible and set sentinels to guard against the approach of wild beasts.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Quick Wooing.

He was an artist at sleight of hand, a song and dance lady she. They met at 1, they loved at 2, they married at half past 3. A brief, brief dream of wedded bliss, then she criticised his tricks. They wrangled at 4, they quarreled at 5 and parted forever at 6.—London Answers.

Untrained monkeys brought $10 each in Venice in the sixteenth century. If trained, they were much more expensive, the price depending on the amount of the training.

WARD M'ALLISTER'S VIEWS.

Really Thinks a Gentleman May Engage In Certain Lines of Business.

During the period of our civil war society became utterly demoralized, and many persons amassed fortunes by stocks and gold speculations, and government contracts came to the surface by their reckless extravagance, says Ward McAllister in his wise way in the New York World. Then came the period of railway speculators, many of them genuine railway robbers, as they acquired fortune in a dishonest and reckless manner, but under our modern leniency we do not care how a man acquires his fortune so long as he is clever enough to escape the prison walls.

At present we are just coming to the reign of the great shopkeepers. Shopkeeping has changed so in 50 years that to manage one of our great dry goods, grocery or tailoring establishments requires the ability of a general. The modern shopman is no longer cringing and servile, but holds up his head as high as the man who patronizes him.

In the second generation the old time prejudice which formerly existed vanishes, and undoubtedly in a few years the millionaire proprietors of our great Broadway and Sixth avenue stores will be knocking and demanding admission to society's exclusive functions.

There is undoubtedly a set here who might be termed reactionary who fight against this impending change, but our old family element, I am afraid, must content themselves with their meetings of Colonial Dames, Colonial Wars and other kindred societies, and acknowledge that "the old order changeth."

The question now arises:

Can a tradesman be a veritable gentleman?

I reply unquestionably, yes.

The idea of what constitutes a gentleman is very varied, and a definition is perhaps different in America from the definition in England. In a general sense in this country it applies to every one who is not a blackguard, as one workingman will say to another, "Be a gentleman," or, "Behave yourself like a gentleman."

But of course this is not the idea that I propose to discuss. The point is: Is it possible for a man engaged in trade to have all the instincts and feelings of a true gentleman, or does the continual striving after gain give a shoppy and commercial tinge to his whole nature?

This depends upon the man himself.

In London a man in "the city" is not usually found in the drawing rooms of the aristocracy, the only exceptions being where a man of good family, usually a younger son, has secured a good berth for himself, possibly with very little to do but draw his salary, or where a young man has inherited from his father a business which is carried on for him by his partners, but undoubtedly a man is a bit ashamed there of being in trade, and the army, the navy, the church and diplomacy are considered a more correct career for a young nobleman or gentleman if his means will permit.

In America all this is different.

A young man on finishing his education here is generally very anxious to get to work and find some opportunity to commence a business career. Our young men of family and fortune rarely think of the army, navy and diplomacy and still less of the church. Not that these careers do not contain many estimable persons, but they are certainly not regarded with as much favor as the legal profession or as commerce, banking, engineering or mining. Take, for instance, young men after completing their education in England and America—they are at that period of their life much alike—and then take them 15 years later. Are the Americans any the less true gentlemen for having spent that time in the rush to secure fortune, or does it blunt all their finer sensibilities?

The Duke of Argyll answered this question conclusively, for he put all his younger sons in trade.

They are not necessarily any the less true gentlemen.

Rural China.

On every side white homesteads are scattered, each in its setting of giant bamboo shoots. When you have realized the fact that each of these little lusters of lime washed cottages represents the home of fathers, sons, grandsons and all their female belongings, you will begin to appreciate the density of the population. In front of every farm stand yellow straw stacks raised on wooden legs, and under each a tiny red cow ruminates or else a dull, hairy water buffalo, stupidly wondering whether a mouthful of straw snatched from above will repay the trouble of balancing on his hind legs.

The general effect is most homelike and pleasant. It must be added that a closer inspection of one of these farms does not prove so satisfactory. Round about the ground is strewed with litter and broken earthenware, while the drainage from the cattle sheds forms puddles on the roadway. The plaster has fallen in flakes from the walls. The gay lanterns and gaudy texts in red and black that adorn the entrance only accentuate the dismal untidiness. Nor is the semicircular fish tank, half full of stagnant water, pleasing either to eyes or nose.

Clattering across the drying floor between it and the house, I bring out a pack of curly black haired dogs, who bark furiously, but at a respectful distance. I am known here and am let pass without further comment than the customary "Stis li fan m thyam?" ("Have you eaten rice or not yet?") which, like "How do you do?" calls for no particular answer.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Boston.

Boston was originally named Tremont or Trimountain, from being built on three hills—Beacon, Kopp and Fort hills. In 1630 the court of Charlestown ordered the name changed to Boston. This was the name of a city in England, a contraction of St. Botolph's town, a town in Lincolnshire, which grew up round a famous monastery.

AS WE SEE THINGS.

INFLUENCE OF THE INNER LIFE ON THE EXTERNAL WORLD.

How an Individual or a Scene May Have an Entirely Different Appearance to Two Persons—Happiness and Sorrow Made by Ourselves.

There have been philosophers who declared that the earth on which we stand and the stars on which we gaze have no real existence, but are merely the outcomes of our inner selves. Perhaps the best answer to this is that the mind itself, at least that of most people, refuses to receive the idea. The difference between the me and the not me is too sharply defined in the inner consciousness to permit Bishop Berkeley's notion from taking root within us.

Yet we cannot afford to overlook the germ of truth which this idea contains. Though not literally the creation of our thought, the outer world is to each one of us largely that which we make it. Nature herself, in all her varied scenes, whatever she may be in reality, shows herself to us in the light which we throw upon her. One man looks at a landscape and sees land and water, grass and trees, hills and plains, and nothing more. Another, a farmer, sees the growing crops, the fallow land, the noxious weeds, the prospect for future tillage and the obstacles to be overcome. Another, with a painter's eye, sees every variety of form and color, proportion and perspective, harmony and contrast, beauty and sublimity. To the melancholy man all is tinctured with gloom—a leaden pall covers even the gayest scenes—while to the joyous everything seems bright and glad, and even the dreariest of November days only suggests the radiant sunlight that is sure later on to struggle through the clouds.

So with the sights of a city. For each of us as they take on the aspect of our own mental condition. How differently they impress the citizen who has spent his life among them from the foreigner who views them for the first time! What a different message the stately and magnificent buildings bear to the absorbed man of business and to the architect who appreciates every detail of their construction!

If there is so wide a divergence in the aspect which inanimate things have for us, the difference is still greater in the way we regard the men and women by whom we are surrounded. Character is a complex thing, difficult to detect, impossible to fathom, yet we presumptuously venture to gauge and pronounce upon it with the smallest modicum of knowledge. It is curious to notice how differently the same person will impress various individuals. His friend will perhaps see no fault in him, his enemy no virtue. One will put faith in him; another will suspect his every action. One will deem him cold hearted; another will think him affectionate and kind. It must be that their own personalities are reflected in him, and that to a certain extent he does thus become for a time, while under their influence, what they suppose him to be always. It is certainly true that the good and gentle find far more goodness and gentleness in the world than those who are deficient in such qualities. It is the selfish man who is the keenest to detect selfishness in others; it is the overbearing who complain most of the arrogance and pride with which they are met, and the unjust who murmur at the injustice they receive. On the other hand, the loving and sympathetic discover love and sympathy everywhere; the noble and true bring to light nobility and truth which might otherwise be hidden. Thus to a large extent we develop the character of those we meet. By a subtle magnetism we draw like to like and evolve out of other personalities the characteristics of our own.

Even the outward circumstances of life are largely what we ourselves make them. We are accustomed to consider prosperity a blessing and adversity a curse, but quite frequently they change places. It is the spirit in which they are received that determines their result. The rich and self indulgent man, surrounded by luxury and opportunity, may be far less happy than his poorer neighbor who brings industry, fidelity and generosity into constant exercise. The same privileges that raise one young man to honor and usefulness are a snare and temptation to another. The same recreation that invigorates one enfeebles another. The same sorrow that softens one and leads him out of self to works of kindness and helpfulness prostrates another and renders him valueless. It is that which is within a man that so acts upon the externals of life as to decide their results to him, and through him to others.

If this be so, then happiness or wretchedness is largely in our power, and most of our complaints only bear witness to our own remissness. We may rightly recognize the futility of struggling against outward events which we cannot control, but we can always bring to bear upon them such a spirit and influence as shall turn evil into good and bitter into sweet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Startling Announcement.

An English literary man who was on the verge of bringing out a book at the Pitt Press ordered his proofs to be sent to him at a house where he was engaged to dine out, intending to look them over in the half hour after dinner. The printer's boy however, was late in bringing them, and the gentlemen had already rejoined the ladies in the drawing room when the company was electrified by hearing the sonorous voice of the butler announcing, "The devil from the Pitt has come for Mr. Jones!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Value of a Hyphen.

I recall an advertisement which actually appeared, sans hyphen, recently in a London daily, to wit: "Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Levi, having cast off clothing of every description, invite an early inspection."—Chap Book

THE KING OF INNISHKEA.

He Dwells on an Irish Island and Rules a Mayo Tribe.

About 16 miles from Dugort, in Achill island, out to sea, looking like a thin line of sand in the waves of the Atlantic, is the island of Innishkea. One fine morning our party started to visit it in a trusty hooker. As the hooker came in sight of the shore great excitement was visible among the islanders, and it was very hard to realize that we were still but 36 hours' journey from London.

The inhabitants turned out en masse. The women and children in their scanty garments of red flannel crouched outside their cabins, while numbers of the men ran down to the beach and put out in their coracles on chance of rowing us to land. It was a strange scene and curiously like a picture plate in a boy's book of adventures. We knew there was a king of Innishkea, and soon a tall, bronze faced man was pointed out to us as his majesty. On landing all the party were introduced and conducted by him to the palace, where the queen dowager, with her daughter, bade us welcome in true Irish fashion.

The old lady was in her picturesque native costume—red dress and plaid shawl over her head. The princess, however, had evidently on first sight of the hooker arrayed herself in modern fashion to do us honor, and we were amused on penetrating into the reception room to find advertisements from shops in Buckingham Palace road and St. Paul's churchyard hung up to embellish the wall, though only by a favored few could they be read.

The island was destitute of any school or means of instruction for the children, a very small proportion either understood or spoke English, and there was neither watch nor clock among the people, who had a happy go lucky idea of time and troubled themselves little as to Greenwich regulations.

There were no church bells to ring, no trains to catch, no office hours requiring punctuality, so when the sun was high in the heavens they would get through their not arduous farming duties, and when he sank in the great waste of waters they could sleep. The king's word settled all disputes. It was a hereditary monarchy, and his people, so far as he was concerned, were untaxed. Happy those states, thought some of the visitors, where royalty could be maintained with so little grandeur! However, I am in honesty bound to add we found King Philip had other means of filling his coffers besides levying taxes on his faithful subjects and learned the art of making good his opportunity whenever the Saxon stranger ventured to land on his shore. But Innishkea has an interest altogether apart from its situation, surrounded as it is by lovely views of mountain cliff and rocky headland. On this spot, hundreds of years ago, early Christian missionaries landed, and on top of a shelly mount, half a mile from the beach, are Christian remains of great antiquity. West of the island there stand also the ruins of a church said to have been built by the successors of St. Columba.—Leisure Hours.

Jenny Lind.

Jenny Lind must have been the most simple, unpretending prima donna that ever lived. When she first came to England she was bound to sing only at the Royal Italian Opera House, and when commanded to sing at the queen's concert she was obliged to refuse. Very sorry to be compelled to notify this, she ordered her carriage and drove straight to Buckingham palace. She handed her card to an official, who, not unnaturally, declined to take it in. A higher authority happened to pass and took it upon himself to present it. As soon as her majesty saw it she said, "Admit her, by all means." Jenny Lind appeared and said simply that she was so very sorry to be unable to sing at her majesty's concert that she thought it better to call herself and explain. The queen was charmed with her natural manner, gave her a cordial reception and promised to be her friend.—Today.

A Fine Polish For Tinware.

When the kitchen range is cleaned out, there will be found in the flue under the oven a considerable quantity of gray dust. It is not ashes exactly, not yet soot, but a smoke deposit as near akin to lampblack as a coal fire is able to produce—soft, light, impalpable, finer than the finest flour. Not many among those who throw this into the ash bin are probably aware that this is the best thing in the world for polishing tinware, far surpassing all the prepared powders and pastes sold for that purpose. Apply it to the tin with a damp cloth, and a few strokes will produce such a luster as is on new ware or as the engraver puts upon his zinc plates by the use of charcoal.—Exchange.

Triumph of Bad Spelling.

Mr. R. E. Bartlett, Chelmsford, writes: "I can beat the achievement of Charles Edward, who, by spelling box 'botsk,' made more mistakes than the letters admit of. I have in my possession a letter addressed many years ago to my father, in which 13 mistakes are made in a single word of five letters. The word is, or was meant to be, usage; the spelling is yowzitch. There are thus five sins of omission and eight of commission; total, 13."—London News.

Pretty Thin.

They have recently made gold leaf by electro-chemical processes as thin as four-millionths of an inch thick, if you can imagine that. It was exactly 1-2,798,000 of an inch. The highest previous thinness ever reached was 1-367,650. This is 10,584 times thinner than ordinary thin writing paper.—Journal of Education.

Unconscious Candor.

"Some women can't believe a word their husbands say," she remarked.

"Well," confided the other, "I'm not quite so badly off as that. My husband talks in his sleep occasionally."—Washington Star.

MAY MARRIAGES UNLUCKY.

Old Superstition Which Has Powerful Influence With European Bridal Couples.

The municipal statistics of the city of Marseilles show the observer that on the 28th of April, 1894, there were registered at the mayor's office in that town no less than 94 marriages. Why this enormous number? Because, according to an ancient tradition, couples that marry in the month of May expose themselves to great danger—death will soon smite the unfortunates, or, at the very least, their union will not be blessed with children. Therefore a large number of Marseillaise lovers availed themselves of the last days of April to join themselves in wedlock.

This curious superstition is by no means confined to Marseilles. M. le Blant, a French investigator, ascribes to it an origin in Roman antiquity. The Roman poet Ovid said that May was no time for widows to marry or for young girls, and adds that the imprudent woman who braves fate by so doing will die early. Plutarch agrees to the truth of this.

It may be because of this ancient principle that the Roman Catholic church has made the month of May sacred to the Virgin. However this may be, the idea has certainly perpetuated itself with singular persistence. Tassoni, writing about the middle of the seventeenth century, relates that among the inhabitants of Ferraras many young nobles and princes who were married in May died only a few days afterward. "It is the observation of this strange fact," he observes, "that induced the Ferrarese, so it is said, to follow the ancient custom."

At the present day the superstition has not ceased to show itself in certain regions of Italy, in Roumania, in south Germany, Bohemia, Westphalia, England and France, notably in Saintonge and in the Cavennes, where every one acknowledges the truth of the proverb, "The month of flowers is a month of tears."

"Perhaps," said Plutarch, "the month of May is regarded as unlucky because it comes between April and June, the months respectively of Venus and Juno, the tutelary goddesses of marriage, or perhaps it is because May is the month of the feast of the Lemures, the souls of the dead."—Paris Letter.

TREE PLANTING IN FRANCE.

Useless Sand Dunes Converted Into Valuable Land With Pines.

The French thoroughly appreciate the advantages to be derived from systematic tree planting. Tracts of sand have been covered with pine forests, and the word lande, borrowed, as it is thought, from the German, is losing its meaning of "waste." Till a century ago a large portion of the forest of Fontainebleau consisted of bare sand hills, but the planting of pines was begun. A variety capable of standing the severest winters was evidently found, and millions of trees now diffuse healthy and agreeable odors, besides furnishing timber for fuel.

The decomposed fir needles, moreover, gradually form a crust of vegetable mold, permitting the growth of trees and shrubs less able than the pine to live on air. The department of the Landes, once a barren region, with sand so loose that people had to walk on stilts, is covered with pines, and the problem of draining the subsoil has been solved, as described in Edmond About's story of "Maitre Pierre."

The losses by fire and anxiety to produce something more remunerative than pine are now, however, inducing schemes of artificial fertilization. In many French watering places dunes have been transformed into woods, thus holding out to seaside visitors the attraction of agreeable shade and a change from monotonous beach. Shifting sands have been prevented from extending inland. In some cases dunes have been acquired by companies, which, after planting them, have cut them up into building lots and have seen them dotted with villas.

Elsewhere municipalities have taken up the matter, and in large operations the district or the department has provided the funds.—London Times.

He Loves to Work.

The foreman of a bootblacking shop in Madison square is a continual surprise to the customers. His employer is a padrone, and he is left in complete control. His conduct justifies his employer's confidence. He is the hardest worker among the half dozen employees and frequently takes the brushes from one of his subordinates when there are not enough customers to keep all busy. He never allows a customer to go away unless he is satisfied that his boots have been polished in the best manner possible. He is ever full of enthusiasm and works with as much energy at the end of a busy day as at the beginning. His humor never lags, and his muscles never tire.

"It is as good as a bracer to watch that fellow," said a rounder. "He is the only man I ever saw who always seems to love to work."—New York Sun.

Dutch Toast.

Dutch toast is a simple dish for using up scraps of bread. Crumble the bread and place in a frying pan with a slice of butter or drippings. Add salt, pepper and sage if liked. It should be seasoned quite well. Add a small quantity of boiling water, cover closely so the steam will soften the bread, stir several times and serve hot. What with cream toast, codfish and fruit toast, we may have this turco cooked bread frequently without its becoming monotonous.—Philadelphia Ledger.

In the house of a Pompeiian sculptor were found 32 mallets, 15 compasses, 3 levers, several chisels, together with jacks for raising blocks, and nearly 30 statues and busts, in every stage of manufacture.

The grains of cornstarch are only about one-fourth the size of those of the starch made from the potato.

SAVED HER SLIPPERS.

A Bit of Hitherto Unpublished History of the War of 1812.

This is a chapter of semiofficial, semidomestic history, and it is vouched for by a granddaughter of the hero's family line, a Chicagoan who now lives on Dearborn avenue.

Prominent in Mr. Madison's cabinet sat, fourscore years ago, Secretary of the Navy Jones, the son of a famous shipbuilder, a man gallant not only in spirit, but in dress and manner. His fitness for his office is attested by the naval histories of the war of 1812. But the successful secretary had more wit than hair, and a wig was a sine qua non of his political and social life. All went well with this adornment until the luckless August day in 1814 when the British marched from Bladensburg upon Washington.

It will be remembered that President Madison and his cabinet stood not upon the order of their going on that occasion, but went at once—to a very retired summer resort. Every one knows how Lady "Dolly" remained behind long enough to save some valuable White House portraits from having their eyes put out by English bayonets, but few have heard how collected Mrs. Secretary Jones was in this national crisis.

Presence of mind is said to be promoted by absence of body. This lady displayed in the face of danger presence of both mind and body. As the secretary emerged from his doorway, his hands full of such family valuables as his agitated condition had allowed him to collect, Mrs. Jones confronted him with the appalling words:

"My dear, you have forgotten my slippers. You must go back and get them."

General Ross was almost at his door bringing imprisonment or death, but the unhappy man turned back to hunt the slippers, which, it is only fair to Mrs. Jones to add, were adorned with diamond buckles. In his headlong quest for these treasures—which he secured—his wig dropped off in a dark corner, and he did not dare to take time to hunt for it nor to attempt the purchase of another. The shorn appearance of the secretary, hitherto faultless in all appointments of dress, is said to have very much lessened the melancholy of the cabinet journey. It is further asserted that during the time of retirement, no matter how depressed any member of the presidential party felt over public and private woes, if he but glanced at Secretary Jones peal upon peal of irresistible laughter was sure to follow and that the despoiled Adonis cordially joined in these bursts of merriment.—Chicago Tribune.

A Malay Water Slide.

In Perak, a state in the Straits Settlements, the Malays have one form of amusement which is probably not to be enjoyed anywhere else in the wide world.

There is a huge granite slope in the course of a mountain river, down which the water trickles about two inches deep, the main stream having carved out a bed by the side of the bowlder. This rock, the face of which has been rendered as smooth as glass by the constant flow of water during hundreds of years, the Malays—men, women and children—have turned into a toboggan. Climbing to the top of the rock, they sit in the shallow water with their feet straight out and a hand on each side for steering and then slide down the 60 feet into a pool of water.

This is a favorite sport on sunny mornings, as many as 200 folks being engaged at a time and sliding so quickly one after another or forming rows of two, four or even eight persons that they tumble into the pool a confused mass of screaming creatures. There is little danger in the game, and, though some choose to sit on a piece of plantain, most of the tobogganers are content to squat on their haunches.—London Little Folks.

Life In Japan.

"It is a curious, but accepted truth," comments the wife of a naval officer who has resided a number of years in Japan, "that Americans, as a class, do not long stand up against Japan life. There is something in the air, or something lacking in it, which is peculiarly trying to us. So many naval officers serving a three or six years' duty there have come home with an incurable complaint that it is common talk in the service. Two admirals have died of abcess of the liver after several years' residence there, and other officers have had their health seriously impaired under similar conditions. I never was seriously sick in my life till I got out to the island empire, and throughout my whole stay I fought something. The English residents do not seem to suffer as we do, which is also a commented upon fact."—New York Times.

Pianos.

Excellent pianos may be bought in Europe at perhaps two-thirds the cost of a like instrument here, and even individuals can import pianos to advantage in spite of the tariff. But a fact that works pretty effectually to protect the home manufacturer is that either the American climate or the usual steam heat tends to destroy the imported piano, so that even the temptation of saving from $200 to $500 on the first cost does not induce many persons to take the risk of an instrument that cannot stand the climate.—Philadelphia Ledger.

England's Tobacco Law.

An antiquarian says that tobacco cannot be used in England save by a violation of law. In 1660 a law was made prohibiting the growth or importation of tobacco beyond a few hundred pounds of leaves every year, "to be used in medicine." It is said that this statute has never been repealed.

Bettered.

"I would like to improve my opportunities," said the good boy.

"Get the firm to leave more money in the cash drawer," suggested the lad of evil propensities.—Detroit Tribune.

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Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Hannigan, R S, 3020 Dryer st; Thos Galligher, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursdays, 8 p m.

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Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State-sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

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Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2480 W Fulton st; Wm O Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4516 Dryer st; James Mcann, Fin Sec; Park Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 25—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Killoughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 31st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, 10810 Calhoun av; F C Barnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Horle av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heelin, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, Ill. 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 539 Thirty-seventh st; M O Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3536 Emerald av; P O Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

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Div 37—John P Doulhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C Mcinerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th-st

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St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn-st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and Statests.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 2350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas. Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lally, C R, 2305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2058 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Mnogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice O Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 228 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 859 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Mathew Foltz. Meet 1st and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9229 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4738 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 913 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 778 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3725 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A

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Dated Chicago, January 12, 1895.
WILLIAM TEMPLETON, Administrator.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

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2-lb cans extra sifted Early June Peas, per can, 9 cts; per doz.	$1.00
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1-lb cans Royal, Price's or Eagle's Best Baking Powder	10 cents
3-lb cans California Apricots, 10 cts. 3-lb cans Table Peaches	3 cents
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French Mustard, per bot, 4 cts. New Maple Sugar, per lb	6 cents
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1-gal. cans Fancy Table Sirup for	35 cts
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